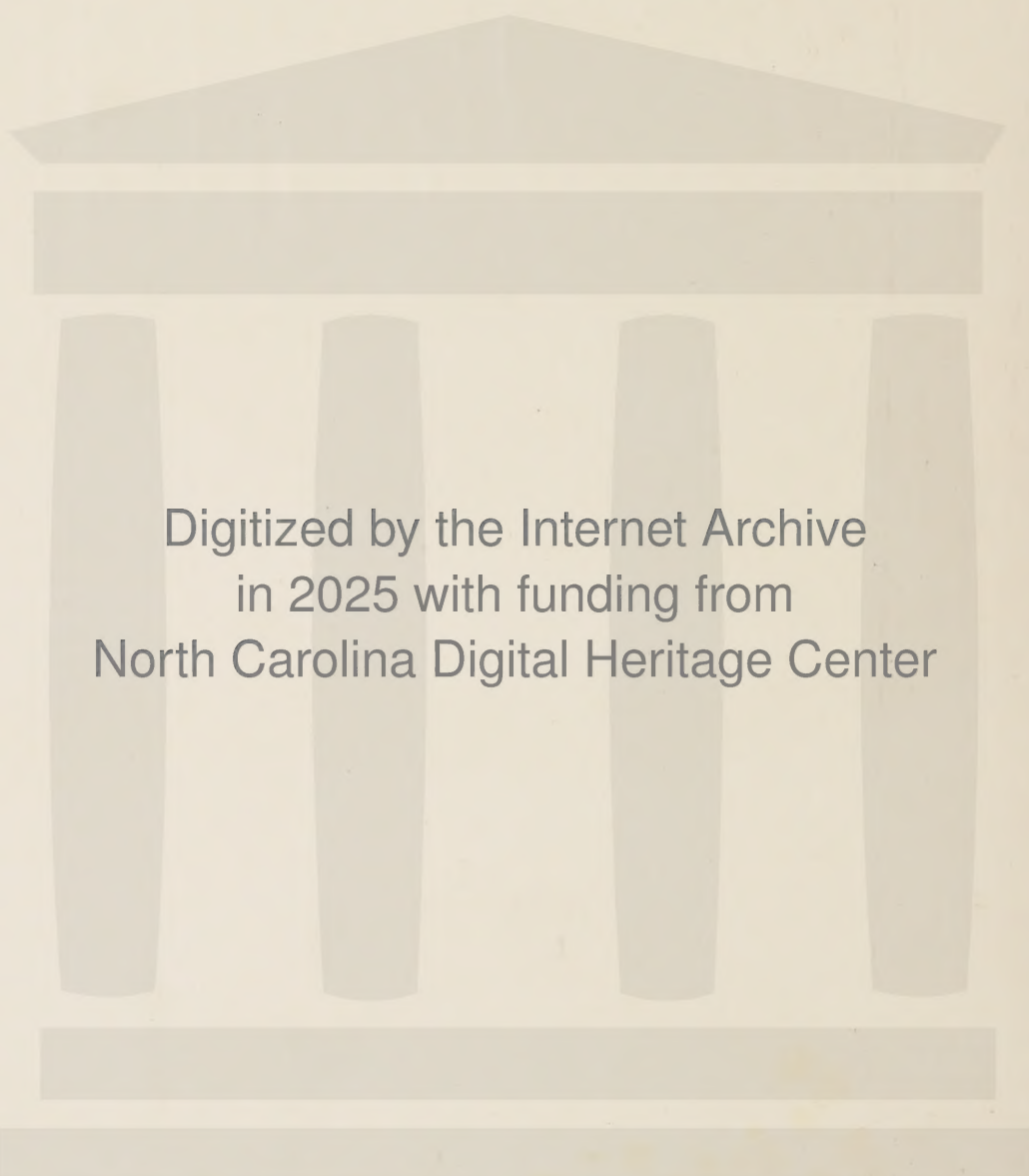






Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

THE BLUE QUILL

DECEMBER 1954

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....Betty Anne Cross

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....Frankie Compton
Advertising Manager.....Jeanne Fleming
Circulation Manager.....Nelda Clements
Assistant.....Ruth Nickolaus

LITERARY STAFF

Editor.....Mary Bradley
Short Story Editor.....Worth Spearman
Poetry Editor.....Marjorie Blankenship
Book Review Editor.....Sally Edgerton
Typists.....Julia Crews, Elaine James, Brandon Taylor

NEWS STAFF

Editor.....Amanda Adams
Reporters.....Susan Blondell, Gary Brady, Farris Cannon,
Marjory Carter, Eloise Gettys, Mitzi Green, Emmie
Hay, Betty McGeachy, Carolina McIlwaine, Esther
Massey, Jean Miller, Rosalyn Russell, Phyllis
Shealey, Sylvia Stewart, Nonnie Thomas.
Typists.....Shirley Ferrell, Katie Jo Caddell,
Anne Fouche, Julia Rolston, Carolyn Wood.
Photography Editor.....Anne Flowe
Photographer.....Richard Stavrakas

MAKE-UP STAFF

Editor.....Mary Louise Duffie
Assistants.....Cynthia Blue, Hepsy Greer
Cover design.....Pat Deady
Advisors.....Dr. L. Harris Chewning
Miss Laura Tillett
Miss Mildred Miscally

QUEENS COLLEGE
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

	Page
News	
Results of the Self-Study Survey	3
Queens Christian Association Project	4
Spanish Club Organized	4
Lectures at Queens	4
'54 Christmas Festivities at Queens	5
Queens Christmas Dance	5
Music News	6
New Plans for Chapel Programs	6
Jenny Dies	6
Q. C. A. Deputations	6
Tappings	7
May Queen and Court Chosen	7
Eight Chosen for Who's Who	7
Home Economics News	9
Hospitality Week End	13
Features	
Mary Bradley, Student Reporter	3
Great Books: Faculty Favorites	8
Night School Enrollment Increases	9
Day Student Activities	9
Editorials	
Co-operation Needed!	10
A Step Taken Toward Progress	10
Appreciation Begins at Home	10
Student Government . . . Our Privilege, Our Responsibility	11
On our Doorstep	11
A Challenge to the Upperclassmen	11
A Reminder to the Boarders	11
Sketch	
Christmas Cousins	17
Essays	
A Critical Analysis of the Style of William Faulkner	13

Yestereves	
Return of a Native	
The Liberal Arts College and the Well- Adjusted Individual	
Pessimistic Thoughts or Teachers I Remember	
Charlotte Through the Looking Glass	
Book Reviews	
DESIREE, Annemarie Selinko	
MR. ANGEL, Harry Segall	
LOVE IS ETERNAL, Irving Stone	
SABRINA FAIR, Samuel Taylor	
Short Stories	
The Spirit of Christmas	
The Mother of Invention	
Poetry	
Tragic Triumph	
Contrast	
Metamorphosis	
The Hunter	
A Young Lover's Prayer	
Windows of the Soul	
Lines Composed on Reading the Evening Paper	
Lines Composed on a Twenty-second Birthday	
The Time of Golden Rod	
Two Forty-five A.M.	
Signs of the Time	
Darkness at Noon	
When Autumn Comes	
Lullaby of Night	
In the Dark	
The Vision in the Haunted Hall	
A Dream, A Birth, An Answer	
'Twas Me	
The Fairy Ring	

Your Hair Superbly Styled

Stay a-head of the fashions and have your correct hair style chosen especially for you by our trained stylists and operators.

Stylist hair cut	1.50
LA MARICK PERMANENT WAVES	
Super Deluxe Creme Oil Frigid Cold Wave	
25.00 Value	9.95
Deluxe Creme Oil Frigid Cold Wave	
15.00 Value	7.95
Creme Oil Deluxe Machine or Machineless Wave	
12.50 Value	6.95

(Stylists prices slightly higher)

Why not call for your appointment right away
PHONE ED 2-3121, FR 6-4834 or FR 6-4833

**Belk's**

Beauty Salon

A La Marick Salon THIRD FLOOR



RESULTS OF THE SELF-STUDY SURVEY

In a recent issue of the *Queens Alumnae Journal* an article by Miss Laura Tillett, professor of English, appeared in the form of a report on the alumnae questionnaire sponsored by the Synod Commission on Study of Presbyterian Colleges in North Carolina. Miss Tillett served as the chairman of the faculty committee for self-study of Queens College. Her report contained the interesting and valuable facts and statistics which were compiled from the replies to this questionnaire.

A remarkable response and interest were shown by the alumnae in answering the questionnaire sent to them. These questionnaires were sent to 2100 graduates, 793 of whom replied. From these replies valuable statistics were formed, and thus the college administration was able to evaluate the college program of work. The first fact noticed was that the majority of Queens graduates marry and establish homes early. Of the 755 who had answered by March 1st, 626 are married. According to the records an appreciable number of graduates have attended graduate schools and received higher degrees. Queens graduates have also made a place for themselves in the professional and vocational world. About half of those who replied to the questionnaire have entered the field of teaching. The next professions claiming the largest number of graduates are secretarial work, office work, and jobs as directors of Christian education. Other vocations represented include nursing, laboratory technology, newspaper work, and jobs as librarians, dieticians, and home economists. The studies show that graduates are also active in serving in the church duties of the Synod and Presbytery as well as in the home church.

As well as information concerning the graduate herself, the questionnaire also requested an evaluation of Queens. Three-fourths of the alumnae replied that Queens would still be their choice if they were entering school now. Most of those who answered in the negative to this question stated as their reason a

preference for a university or co-educational college. The fact that Queens is a small church school was the most frequent reason given for choosing it. Class work at Queens was generally estimated as "good," "very good," or "excellent." Of the most attractive features about Queens the one most frequently given was the Christian atmosphere. Others included the faculty, friendly student body, individual attention on the part of the faculty, and pleasant faculty-student relationships.

The inadequacy of the plant and equipment was listed as the most outstanding, unattractive feature. A great many unfavorable features which were listed by students who attended Queens many years ago were not mentioned by more recent graduates. Comments by the most recent graduates indicate that most of the factors mentioned as unfavorable by graduates of a few years ago have been remedied.

Graduates were also asked to express their opinion on the greatest need of Queens. Replies to this question included the immediate need of a president with vision, of more extensive publicity, of a library, of an endowment, of an expanded plant, and of more loyal and active alumnae chapters. Others expressed the desire that admission standards and academic requirements be higher, that Queens remain a small college with individual attention for the student, that fees remain within the range of families of moderate income, and that the faculty salaries be increased.

Recently a full-time alumnae secretary was appointed and a systematic file of alumnae data organized. There are active alumnae chapters in several cities of North and South Carolina and in Washington, D. C. These help in sending new students to Queens, in helping present students, by contributing time and effort to beautifying the campus, and in many other ways. Interest of the alumnae in the college has grown increasingly in the past several years, resulting a great deal from improvements at the college, the efforts of the past

president and the present one, and the work of the alumnae and publicity offices.

—C. McL.

Mary Bradley, Student Reporter



Mary Bradley, a Queens student, is responsible for putting Queens before the public eye through the medium of radio. Once a week, Friday at 12:45 P.M., Mary broadcasts from Station WSOC a program, *Campus News*. Station WSOC gives this time three times a week as a public service. The program is shared by Queens, Davidson, Winthrop, and Johnson C. Smith.

Mary divides her program into two parts. The first part is devoted to campus news; and the second, to features. Recently Mary featured Worth Spearman reading some of his own poems. After Mark Van Doren spoke here, she featured parts of his speech interspersed with her own remarks. Bertha Hamilton appeared on the program to present to the radio audience the work and current project of the Queens Christian Association. Before the presentation of *Thunder Rock* members of the cast tape-recorded parts of the play which Mary played for the benefit of her audience. All of the important events on the campus are featured by Mary on the program.

Mary is a senior and will graduate in February. This fall and last year she

(Continued on page 22)

QUEENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION PROJECT

Queens Christian Association has adopted for the coming year the two-fold project of giving financial aid to the Sunday school department of the Eastside Presbyterian Church of Durant, Oklahoma, and to Mr. Rayford Thompson in furthering his education.

Three projects were presented to the student body in assembly on November 9. Joyce Alexander presented the project of sending money to the Oklahoma Sunday school; Chess Duckwall introduced the combination project of collecting \$800, \$200 of which would go toward the education of Mr. Rayford Thompson and \$600 toward redecorating the Hut. After much discussion the students voted to combine the Oklahoma Sunday school and Rayford in one project and to divide the money collected between the two.

It was pointed out that the Oklahoma church has a definite need for furniture in the Sunday school department. At present orange crates and old theater seats are being used for chairs, and there is a general shortage of other equipment. The total cost of the equipment needed amounts to \$506.50.

Chess stated that Rayford's ambition is to be a minister. In order to attain this, Rayford, who waited on tables in the dining room at Queens last year, has been attending night school. In addition to this, he is trying to support his family and is serving two churches. Next fall Rayford is planning to enter Johnson C. Smith University as a day student. This will cost \$159.00 a semester.

In order to arouse the interest of the students Q. C. A. distributed posters bearing the lettering '800? 8 to 8.' In assembly it was explained that these figures represented the total of the \$800 that was to be raised between 8:00 p.m. Tuesday, November 9, and 8:00 a.m., Thursday, November 11. In the time allotted Q. C. A. collected \$625 in cash and in pledges, and they expected to reach their quota by the end of the week.

To raise the money more quickly, the dormitories challenged each other. Fraser began by singing a song written especially for the drive and by challenging Morrison. North challenged South, and Belk challenged the day students.

—P. S.

Spanish Club Organized

A Spanish Club has recently been formed here on the campus of Queens College. The name *Querido Circulo Espanol* has been chosen for this club. A constitution has been drawn up, and temporary officers have been elected. The purpose of the Spanish Club is to stimulate interest on the campus in foreign languages and to supplement Spanish students' knowledge of the language and the countries whose people speak Spanish.

On October 18 students interested in forming a Spanish Club met with Miss Schickedantz in room 201 in the Science Building. This first meeting was held to organize a club and to discuss its purpose in the life of the college. A nomination committee, a constitution committee, and a program committee were appointed by Miss Schickedantz.

At the next meeting, October 25, temporary officers were elected. These officers were Susan Blondell, president; Barbara Watkins, vice-president; Patsy Smith, secretary-treasurer; and Bobbie Jean Devore, program chairman. The constitution was presented, and suggestions were made for revisions. It was decided to present the constitution for ratification and to elect a name for the club at the following meeting.

The third meeting of the Spanish Club was held on November 1. At this meeting the constitution and the name, *Querido Circulo Espanol*, were adopted by the club. A program about festivals in Cuba was presented by Lynn Heagney, and Mary Ann Woods led the club members in singing Spanish songs. The club agreed to hold its next meeting on December 6.

—S. B.

Lectures At Queens

Miss Margaret Deneke gave a lecture on Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Belk Chapel at twelve noon on November 1. Miss Deneke is an honorary fellow and choirmaster of Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford, England. She was introduced by Mrs. W. P. Cumming, an associate English professor at Queens College, who had known her previously at Lady Margaret Hall. Miss Deneke is a personal friend of Dr. Schweitzer's, and she worked with him a year in West Africa helping build his hospital there.

Miss Deneke spoke of Dr. Schweitzer as one of the most remarkable and enlightened personalities of our time. She pointed out his respect for the modesty of the soul and the individuality of other people. She told about his quiet devotion and hard work to become a doctor when he discovered the need for medical missionaries. Miss Deneke also described their work in building the hospital in West Africa.

The next lecturer to appear at Queens will be Mr. Henry C. Wolfe, who will appear February 8. Mr. Wolfe is known as an author and as an authority on international affairs. He has just recently returned from his annual trip to Europe, which he takes for the purpose of visiting countries prominent in the news. Mr. John Mason Brown will appear on April 29, on the program of the Queens Fine Arts Festival. He is a well-known drama critic and an associate editor of *The Saturday Review*.

—S.

54 CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT QUEENS



Left to right: Lynn Heagney, Betty Cross, Gloria Ivie and Ann Parker.
(not pictured—Jane Faires)

Queens students will celebrate the twentieth annual Boar's Head Dinner on December 16. Originating in early England, this celebration was first observed at Queens in 1934. The Boar's Head Procession of 1954 will be: Betty Cross, Boar's Head Bearer; Jane Faires, Leader; Gloria Ivie, Candlestick Bearer; Lynn Heagney and Ann Parker, Drummers.

Although many schools and colleges have clung to the boar's head tradition, Queens College, Oxford, has probably celebrated the feast for the longest period of time. This institution has observed the boar's head ceremony for five hundred years. To begin the celebration, a procession of the Provost and the fellows enter the dining hall. Then a large boar's head adorned with a cross, small banners, garlands of laurel, rosemary, and mistletoe is carried into the hall. After being announced by drummers, three bearers bring the boar's head on a tray. As the procession enters the hall, the students rise and sing a carol: "Bringing in the Boar's Head," the words of which are:

Caput apris deferro
Reddens laudes Domino
The boar's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
Pray you all sing merely,
Qui estis in convivio
The boar's head I understand
The chefe service in this lande
Take wherer it be fande
Servite cum cantico
gladde, lords, both more or lesse,

For this hath ordayned our stewart
To cheer you all this Christmase,
The boar's head with mustarde."

The history of the ceremony dates from the pre-Christian era. During the winter solstice the Druids slew a boar and presented its head with sacrificial rites to Freya, goddess of peace and plenty. The Christmas feasts were begun in medieval days with the carrying in of the boar's head which usually was the main cause of the meal. Preceded by musicians and candlebearers, the chief cook carried in the roasted boar's head, which was adorned with laurel and rosemary, and had either a lemon or an apple in its mouth.

The institution of the boar's head ceremony is explained by an ancient legend. Approximately five hundred years ago a student of Queens College, Oxford, was walking over Shotover Hill. He was in deep contemplation while he read a book of Aristotle. Suddenly the student was attacked by a wild boar. In self-defense the youth thrust his book down the beast's throat. The boar strangled and died. The student triumphantly carried the boar's head back to the college.

Queen Victoria celebrated the old English custom. She ordered that her Christmas dinner begin with the bringing in of the boar's head. The ceremony was performed with the dignity and pomp of the ancient occasion.

At Queens the ceremony of the boar's head is traditionally held in Morrison

dining hall on the night before Christmas vacation begins. The students, faculty and their families, and guests of the college are invited to attend the event.

The Queens Christian Association will present a program of Christmas meditation in Belk Chapel immediately following the Boar's Head Dinner. Then everyone will assemble in Burwell Hall around the Christmas tree to attend the annual giving of gifts to the college servants. The girls who have become engaged over the past year will be recognized by the President. This event is also traditional at the Queens Boar's Head festivities, and will climax the evening.

On Tuesday, December 14, the annual White Gift ceremony will be held in Belk Chapel. The students will bring gifts of food wrapped in white for the needy families of Charlotte. The Queens Christian Association and Pan-Hellenic Council sponsor this program.

Christmas Vespers will be held on December 12 at 5:00 P.M. in the college chapel. The choir will present a program of Christmas music. Then the story of the birth of Christ will be read, and carols will be sung.

—S. S.

Queens Christmas Dance

Plans are being made for the annual Christmas dance to be held December 11 from eight until twelve o'clock in the David Ovens Physical Education Building. The dance committee consists of: Mary Jo Patton and Jane Vick, co-chairmen; Nan Breyman, Susanne Branch, Nell Bush, and Jane Basinger. This is the second college dance to be held in the new building; the first dance was held last spring.

"Snow Ball" and "Blue Christmas" were carried out as themes in the past two years. This year "Winter Wonderland" is the theme of the dance, and Ray Barrier and his orchestra are presenting the music. Tickets are on sale in Diana's Den for \$2.00 per couple.

During intermission the sorority houses and the hut will have open house. All the sorority houses extend invitations to students and their dates.

—E. M.

Music News

Last spring during the Fine Arts Festival students of Queens College had the opportunity of hearing a concert by a chamber orchestra conducted by Melvin Sipe. The concert was sponsored by the Music Performer's Trust Fund through the courtesy of the local Charlotte Musicians Union.

The first concert was an unqualified success as evidenced by the fine reviews in both the Charlotte newspapers and by the enthusiasm of the audience. Because of this the Music Department decided to have two or three concerts annually. Much of the credit for the success of this organization goes to its conductor, Mr. Sipe, a member of the Queens music faculty. The orchestra is especially interested in performing music from the Baroque and Classical Periods.

The first concert of the year was presented on November 15. The program included the *Concerto Grosso No. 21* by Handel, *Piano Concerto in D Major* by Haydn with Julia Mitchell as soloist, *The Winter's Passed* by Wayne Barlowe, and *Symphony No. 40 in G. Minor* by Mozart.

The second concert will be February 22. The program will include numbers by the Queens College Choir under the direction of John Holliday, selected arias by Earl Berg, *Brandenburg Concerto No. 5* by Bach with Anita Dixon as soloist, *Violin Concerto in D Major* by Mozart with James Weber, concert-master, as soloist and *Water Parted from the Sea* (from Xerxes) by Acne.

The third concert will be March 21.

—J. M.

Jenny Dies

On September 2, Jenny Moser Middleton, the human switchboard for Queens College for twenty-five years, passed away at the age of 89 at her home at 2220 Sanders Street in Charlotte. She had suffered from old age and hardening of the arteries for some time. Last February she had an operation, but she recovered fairly well during the summer.

Although Jenny worked for the college from 1912-1937, she was never forgotten by the students. At Thanksgiving time they would recognize the bravery of her solitary life by giving her food and money. Jenny always took pleasure in bringing flowers to our campus and recalling the days when there was only one telephone on the campus. She was a very dignified person and had a good education for a person of her day.

The funeral service on September 5 at the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church was brief but very impressive. Jenny was buried in the North Pinewood Cemetery which is behind Johnson C. Smith University. On behalf of Queens College, Miss Harrell has placed a simple granite marker at the head of the grave.

—E. T.

6—THE BLUE QUILL

New Plans For Chapel Programs

The chapel committee of the Queens Christian Association is emphasizing in the chapel programs for this year a broader scope of the religious phase of our lives. In order to accomplish this, the committee has planned, rather than all worship services, many other types of programs which bring out other aspects of religious living. In addition to having outside speakers and groups, more students and faculty participation is encouraged. The chapel committee believes that the students and faculty of Queens will realize more fully the many ways of serving and praising God through this wider variety of chapel programs.

Some types of programs which have been scheduled in accordance with this new plan include recitals, choir concerts by other choirs as well as the Queens Choir, several talks by Dr. Walker, a speaker on Communism, readings from the speech classes, a program by Pat Laird on her reading honors, and several programs by members of the faculty.

Chapel programs are planned by a student committee with Mr. John Holliday as its faculty advisor. Members of this committee are: Carolyn Heffner, chairman; Dot Clark, Christine Gaines, Nancy McIntyre, and Jean Miller.

—C. M.

Q. C. A. DEPUTATIONS

An advertising campaign of Queens is being carried out this year. The Fellowship Committee of the Queens Christian Association, under the leadership of Betty Murchison and in conjunction with Day Student Council, has charged with the task of sending deputations to various church and civic groups. The purpose of the deputations is to give people a glimpse of life at Queens College.

When the occasion arises, Q. C. A. sends a team of four girls to a church group either in the city of Charlotte or in neighboring towns. The programs which the girls present vary with the wants of the different churches, but the main theme centers around what Queens offers as a Christian college, and what her academic and social lives are like. The girls try to give these church groups an understanding of the values and standards of the college. Through their talks the students show the progress that Queens has made in the past few years and give indication of the programs that the college plans to make in the future.

Every Queens student is a member of Queens Christian Association, and the Fellowship Committee welcomes all suggestions which students offer. In addition, the committee desires that students offer their services as speakers for deputations.

—M. A.

TAPPINGS

Valkyrie and Alpha Kappa Gamma tapped new members into their organizations on October 20 and October 27, respectively.

Membership in Valkyrie, which was organized on Queens campus in 1937, is limited to those sophomores who, as freshmen, exhibited outstanding leadership and citizenship. Scholarship is also one of the determining factors, while prospective members must also meet student government standards for college representation. Those who were inducted at this tapping include: Bobby Jean Cook, Jacksonville, Florida; Shirley Ferrell, Charlotte; Lindsay Marshall, Winston-Salem; Betty Murchison, Concord; Alan Trueworthy, Sanford; Jane Vick, Raleigh; and Margaret Wright, Belton, South Carolina.

Alpha Kappa Gamma was founded at Queens College in 1928. It is a national honorary fraternity which recognizes the leaders among the juniors and seniors on the college campus. Five new members were inducted. They are: Peggy Rice, Chester, South Carolina; Mary Lou Johnston, Charlotte; and Jessie Scott, Cape Charles, Virginia. —F. C.

May Queen and Court Chosen

Chosen to reign over the May Day activities at Queens College next spring are Lib Lucas, of Burgaw, N. C. Peppy Rutt, of Kingsport, Tennessee, will be her maid of honor. The court will include the following seniors: Lib Camp, of Charlotte; Jane Basinger, of Charlotte; Emily Hutchinson, of Elizabethtown; and Charis Julian, of Charlotte. The juniors are: Mary Jack Rolston, of Richmond; Bobby Minogue, of Charlotte; and Sally Edgerton, of Goldsboro. The sophomores are Barkley Thomas, of Sanford; Kay Plyler, of Myrtle Beach, S. C.; Shirley Ferrell, of Charlotte; and Anna McAlpin, of Blackshear, Georgia. The freshmen are: Tutie Boyce, of Lancaster, S. C.; Judy Wadford, of Orangeburg, S. C.; Barbara Harris, of Charlotte; Lemie Dickson, of Manning, S. C.; and Betty Gray, of Raleigh.—E. H.

EIGHT CHOSEN FOR WHO'S WHO



Left to right—First row: Pat Laird, Caroline Love, Mary McLaney, Mary Lois Ridings. Left to right—Second row: Irene Williams, Anne Currie, Jackie Jetton and Lynn Heagney.

The seniors pictured above have been selected by a committee of faculty and students on the basis of scholarship, character, citizenship, and leadership to represent Queens College in *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*.

Jackie Jetton of Charlotte, who transferred from WCUNC, is the president of the Day Student Council. She is a member of Alpha Kappa Gamma and has maintained a Dean's List average. During her junior year Jackie was vice-president of the junior class.

Irene Williams of Charlotte is a second-semester junior and is first junior marshal. She is a member of Valkyrie and has maintained a Dean's List average every semester that she has been at Queens.

Ann Currie of Carthage is now president of Long Residence Hall and was recently elected to membership in Alpha Kappa Gamma, national leadership fraternity. During her earlier years at Queens she served as sophomore representative to Recreation Association Council, as secretary of Recreation Association Council, and as business manager of the yearbook. In 1953-54 she was chosen a member of the honorary basketball team.

Pat Laird of Panama City, Florida, is president of the Student Government

Association and has served as vice-president of the same organization, as a member of the Judicial Board, as a member of the Honor Council, and as treasurer of the Boarding Student Council.

Mary McLaney of Charlotte is president of Queens Christian Association. Her sophomore year she was treasurer of QCA. She is the second senior marshal and holds membership in Valkyrie, Sigma Mu, Alpha Kappa Gamma, and Sigma Upsilon. She has been on the Dean's List for three years.

Caroline Love of Charlotte is vice-president of the Student Government Association and first senior marshal. Her sophomore year she was treasurer of Day Student Council. She is a member of Sigma Mu and Alpha Kappa Gamma and is also on the Dean's List.

Mary Lois Ridings of Spindale is president of Boarding Student Council. She is also serving as a representative to Panhellenic Council from Chi Omega sorority. Last year she was president of the junior class.

Lynn Heagney of Havana, Cuba, is president of the Recreation Association. Last year she was vice-president of the same organization and received a silver cup presented to the best athlete. During her sophomore year she was a member of the honorary varsity basketball team.

GREAT BOOKS: FACULTY FAVORITES

What are the ten greatest books? There will always be a difference of opinion among even the most expert judges. A new book published by the Jasper Lee Company entitled *Have You Read 100 Great Books?* contains numerous lists of great books that have been drawn up by various persons at one time or another. Some lists are from city and college libraries. Others are from authorities of various times. When all the lists are compiled with the duplications omitted, the total is fifteen hundred.

Why attempt to pick the greatest books of all time? There are so many books that we could spend an eternity reading. We must, therefore, try to read only those books which are considered great. There are, fortunately, so many books that are considered great that we can read according to our likes and dislikes. We should read in all fields for information. One of Dr. Walker's points in his inaugural address was that a college graduate should be able to read intelligently in all fields. Our teachers give us the keys with which to open the doors of learning through reading. A really good college student should go beyond the textbook assignments and should try to get illumination on that subject by reading from other sources.

How do we know when a book is great? Emerson gave these three rules for reading:

1. Never read any book that is not a year old.
2. Never read any but famed books.
3. Never read any books but what you like.

John Erskine once said: "Great books should be read over and over. Until we have discovered that certain books grow with our maturing experience and other books do not, we have not learned how to distinguish a great book from a book."

But perhaps Bacon gave the best advice. He said: "Some books are to be tasted; others swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested." The really great books are the ones to be chewed and digested.

From the Jasper Lee Company book we get some interesting information about books and authors.

These authors had their books named on the most lists.

1. Shakespeare.
2. Sir Walter Scott.
3. Dickens.
4. Thackeray.
5. Homer.
6. Hardy.
7. Dostoevski.
8. Twain.
9. Stevenson.
10. Tolstoy.
11. Fielding.

These books were listed the most.

1. Bible
2. Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*.
3. Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.
4. Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.
5. Melville's *Moby Dick*.
6. Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre*.
7. Lewis Carroll's *Alice*.
8. Bunyan's *The Pilgrims Progress*.

As in most situations we are more likely to take the advice of a friend we know than an expert we do not know. The Queens faculty members were consulted as to the ten books that they considered the greatest. They are Dr. Carson of the philosophy and religion department, Miss Tillett of the English department, and Mr. Norman of the chemistry department.

Miss Tillett's list:

1. Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.
2. Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.
3. Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss*.
4. Dickens' *David Copperfield*.
5. Shaw's *Saint Joan*.
6. Milton's *Paradise Lost*.
7. Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*.
8. Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*.
9. Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*.
10. Unset's *Kristin Lavransdatter*.

The list of Dr. Carson: (Those he considers best in his field)

1. The Holy Bible.
2. *The Paths that Lead to God*—W. F. Tillett.
3. *The March of Eleven Men*—David Smith
4. *The Life & Letters of St. Paul*—David Smith.
5. *Human Destiny*—Lecomte du Nouy.
6. *The Logic of Belief*—Elton Trueblood.
7. *The Story of Philosophy*—Will Durant.
8. *The Human Situation*—W. Macneille Dixon.
9. *Nature, Man, and God*.—William Temple.
10. *Adventures of Ideas*—Alfred North Whitehead.

The list of Mr. Norman:

1. *Gone With The Wind*—Mitchell.
2. Bible (Gospel of St. John).
3. *Book of Common Prayer*.
4. *Hamlet*—Shakespeare.
5. *Iliad*—Homer.
6. *Don Quixote*—Cervantes.
7. *Idylls of the King*—Tennyson.
8. *Huckleberry Finn*—Twain.
9. *Aeneid*—Virgil.
10. *Faust*—Goethe.

If you haven't read ten books which are considered great, let these lists be your guide. If you do read a book from one of these lists or have already read some of those listed, let the faculty members whose selections were listed know. Tell them if you agree or disagree. Perhaps this article will make you think about what you consider the ten greatest books.

—G.

Night School Enrollment Increases

"What did you make on the history test last period?"
"Ninety-four. I can never get above a B with him. What did you do?"

"I just made eighty-five. Messed up on that second question."

These comments can readily be recognized as coming from Queens students taking a coke-break in Diana's Den. The students, however, happened to be adults enrolled in Queens Evening College, which meets every night, Monday through Thursday, right here on the campus. Most of the regular students are aware of the college but seem to know little about it.

Directed by Mr. David B. Pugh, the Evening College opened in September, 1951, with 122 students. This semester the enrollment has increased to 361; about two thirds of this number are men. The college is a member of the Association of University Evening Colleges (National) and offers thirteen fields courses in which adults may earn regular college credits. In addition to these, there are six special or non-credit courses. The classes meet usually two nights a week from seven o'clock until ten, the length of each class varies from one to three hours.

The fields in which the college credit courses are offered include art, Bible, business administration, economics, English, mathematics, history, music, nursing, psychology, sociology, Spanish, and speech. Some of the non-credit courses are the Great Books, in which sixteen of the world's greatest books are read and discussed, and several courses designed for businessmen dealing with human relations, personnel, and supervision.

—B. McG.

Home Economics News

The Home Economics Club sponsored a panel discussion on October 26—United Nations Day. Dr. J. R. Boner, associate professor of business administration, served as moderator. Participating on the panel were Dr. Phillip J. Green, who gave a brief history of the UN, and Mr. Sidney A. Musythe, who explained the organization of the UN. Musfa Dahir, a Queens student, spoke of the influence of the UN in Arabia, and Shoko Yoshikane, a foreign student, gave reasons for admitting Japan to the UN.

The thirty-seventh North Carolina State Convention of the Home Economics Association was held on Queens campus November 5-6. The theme of the convention was "Widening Our Home Economics Horizons." Interesting talks were given by Miss Janette Kelly and Betty Crocker of General Mills; Mr. Joe Tonkin, extension radio and television specialist; and Miss Catherine T. Dennis, President of the American Home Economics Association.

—E. G.

Day Student Activities



Since the opening of school the day students have been busy doing one thing or another. As a carry-over from this summer's redecoration, they have made additional changes in Blair Union. As a result, Blair Union is rapidly becoming one of the most comfortable lounges on campus.

The fund-raising project for this semester was a cake sale, the purpose of which was to raise money for curtains, magazine racks, and other odds and ends to make Blair Union look more homey. Members of the faculty sold the delicious cookies, candies, and cakes which were baked at home by the students, and the boarding students were the buyers.

Plans are under way for the faculty coffee, which will be December 15, and for the day student party, which will be in February of next year. The theme for the faculty coffee will be the Candy Cane. Plans are being made for the Christmas dance sponsored by Day Student Council which is to be held in the David Ovens Gymnasium from nine until one o'clock on December 30 with Billy Knauff furnishing the music. Bobby Minogue has been elected dance chairman, and Caroline Love is in charge of the tickets which will sell for two dollars per couple. This promises to be a big event, and Queens students and their friends are encouraged to come. Tickets will be sold the week before Christmas holidays. So, girls, wear your best evening dress and bring your best beau!

—S. F., M. C.



As We See It

Co-operation Needed!

Lack of responsibility has been evident in two phases of student life recently. We, as college students, must realize that part of the maturity that we are gaining in our college life includes a sense of responsibility. This is necessary to us both now and in later life in order to be respected and to make our way in the working world. This responsibility includes the little things as well as important matters.

The most noticeable example of this lack of responsibility is in the neglect of the students in taking care of the student store. The students have been reminded repeatedly of their duties in keeping the Y-Store clean. Signs have been posted to emphasize this responsibility of the students. The store was first opened on the condition that the students take the responsibility of keeping it clean. Continually the students have fallen down on their end of the obligation, leaving the cleaning up to those who are not supposed to be responsible for it.

Another phase of lack of responsibility may be seen in the failure of the student counselors to turn in to the *Blue Quill* information on their counselees. This material is necessary to the *Blue Quill* for the publication of the freshman flier which cannot be printed without the co-operation of all the counselors. Two months after the information was requested, material on only one-third of the new students had been turned in. The only two alternatives in this case are either to publish a flier containing information on only one-third of the new students or not to have a freshman flier at all. The *Blue Quill* does not wish to be forced to take either alternative, but without the cooperation of the counselors nothing else can be done.

With only a small amount of time and a greater sense of responsibility on the part of the students both of these situations can be relieved. Let's show our maturity and accept these responsibilities that have been placed on us.

—C. McL.

A Step Taken Toward Progress

Queens College will welcome a long-anticipated Christmas gift at the annual Boar's Head Dinner to be held December 16. For the first time in the twenty-year history of the Yuletide event, the day students will share the college tradition. Before now, because of lack of space in the dining hall, only boarders and senior day students have been invited.

Much of our college spirit grows with such traditions. Every student, though her knowledge of formulas and dates may fade, will remember the Friday night dress supper, the after-dinner coffee hour, hospitality weekend, and May Day. With these memories she will develop a close bond of friendship with her college and class mates. Christmas with its carols, individual parties, and tree for the servants holds special memories for all of us. For this reason we are happy that every student can participate in the Boar's Head celebration. Including all students in such functions fosters more unity in the college family and more stewardship of its time-honored traditions than pep talks and individual projects can ever attain.

This year, when Queens again commemorates the ancient Druid custom, the festivity will have new meaning. The Boar's Head Bearer, the Reader, the Candlestick Bearer, and the Trumpeters will perform the ceremony. The choir will

10—THE BLUE QUILL

sing the Latin responses. The dining room will assume reg importance in its candlelight and evening dresses. And most important of all, the entire college family will share together the tradition adopted from its "mother college" Queens College, Oxford. *The Blue Quill* heartily thanks Mr. H. H. Everett, chief donor, and everyone responsible for our finest Christmas gift.

—M. A.

Appreciation Begins At Home

In the past ten years other cities the size of Charlotte have increased eighteen percent in population. Charlotte, however, has increased approximately thirty percent. Has this growth in population been accompanied by a growth in cultural activities?

Charlotte boasts cultural activities in the field of music. There is the Charlotte Opera Association, the Charlotte Symphony, the Charlotte Oratorio Society, the Charlotte Organ Guild, the Charlotte Music Club, and the Chamber Music Guild. In drama there is the Little Theater, a new organized ballet group, and several other dramatics organizations. In painting there is the Charlotte Guild of Artists, the Gutman Galleries, and the Mint Museum. In writing and criticism there is the Charlotte Writers' Club and the lecture series here at Queens and the other colleges in the vicinity, Davidson and Winthrop. As a matter of fact, the contributions in drama and music made by these colleges must not be overlooked in the enumeration of cultural activities available to Charlotteans. And last of all must be mentioned the Fine Arts Council which helps coordinate the activities of all the organizations just named.

But the measure of a city's culture lies not in the number of organizations whose purpose it is to promote the fine arts. The response to these cultural organizations is the yardstick for measuring how culture-minded Charlotte is.

The Charlotte Symphony and Little Theater have had several prosperous seasons. The concerts and recitals at Queens have better audiences than in past years, but still there are too many empty seats for the artist to feel that his efforts are at all appreciated. Art exhibits at the Mint Museum are seen every time by the same small group of interested persons.

All of this sounds good, but it is not good enough for a city growing in the way Charlotte is. Last season, for example, the Charlotte Opera Association had to close its doors without presenting the last scheduled opera because of the organization's poor financial condition. A recital given by a well-trained organist in one of the local churches was attended by a scant twenty-five.

The Queens Drama Department produced *Thunder Road* in November. The first night not more than seventy-five were there, and the second night no more than a hundred and twenty-five saw the play.

Now the point hits home at Queens students. Where should Charlotte's appreciation of fine arts begin if it is not on the campus of the liberal arts college within the city limits? Queens cannot sit on her intellectual laurels and proclaim Charlotte an over-grown country town running over with money-mad merchants. Charlotte is growing in a commercial sense, but she is at the same time trying hard to learn something of the fine arts. And she expects leadership from the college that lives within her heart.

—M. R.

Student Government . . . Our Privilege, Our Responsibility

At Queens we are blessed with the privilege of Student Government. We have in our power the election of our chosen officers. These officers lead us in the making of the necessary rules for communal living. These representatives outline the program for the activities of the year. However, the support of the students at large determines the ultimate success or failure of Student Government affairs. We are, therefore, responsible to the Student Government of our college.

Our responsibility is to make our government a personal part of our college days. We are first called upon to select those for leaders who will be the most dependable and enthusiastic for our Queens. Secondly, we must contribute our best to her work and activities. Here we can all find a place for service. The activities of the college have room for the talents of all. We know our best talents; our responsibility is loyalty to our leaders, devoted service to Queens, and active participation in some phase of Student Government. "Student Government—Our Privilege, Our Responsibility" is the Student Government theme for the year. This is the ideal around which our activities have been planned. This theme can be meaningful, or it can be merely a pat phrase which expresses nothing. Our responsibility is to put meaning into the theme.

—B. A. C.

On Our Doorstep

All those who were born in a barn or reared in the immediate area, please meet with the rest of the shoats in Diana's Den. There you will find one of two farmers trying desperately to scrub, scour, and sweep the premises following the daily visitation of a herd of four hundred devil-possessed razor-backs. Two hundred to one!

This herd, however, does not plunge recklessly over a cliff and down into the boiling seas as the story tells. No, indeed. In spite of appeal upon reprimand upon appeal, the well-trained trampling continues at this very minute.

To be serious a moment—we have a privilege for which we are not holding up our end: Diana's Den, the privilege; the condition we leave it in, our failure. If we call our Den the Student Store, why doesn't the name remind us that it is *not* a commercial establishment, and therefore, at least in part, our own?

Do you leave "Coke" bottles on the dining room table at home? Do you leave trash and bits of paper in the ashtrays in your living room? Mother isn't here to be your substitute for responsibility now. Do you leave playing cards, books, and personal junk in utter confusion all over the house at home? We certainly hope not.

Animals are only conscious. We, as human beings, are supposed to be self-conscious. But the condition of the store seems to point to our losing this very privilege we have of being conscious that we *are* conscious!

Take it any way you like, there is no one on whom to blame the unnecessary debris in the Queens College Student Store but US! The Health Council can't do any good with signs if we don't learn to read. It's up to you. Others' im-

pressions of Queens, our own enthusiasm for a grand campus hangout—these will all be aided; if, instead of dreaming about far-away fantasy of futurity, we can start where we are.

—W. S.

A Challenge To The Upperclassmen

At Queens we are proud of our school spirit. We are happy in our friendly community. We are secure in the place which we easily find here. Our college is one of the best, and we have good reason to feel that we are part of a growing enterprise in higher education.

Freshmen enter in the fall with high ideals. To them college represents the greatest opportunity which they will ever meet. They are anxious to achieve as much, to learn as much, and to grow intellectually as much as the college will encourage them to.

The upperclassmen set the atmosphere of college life. The freshmen are quick to learn and adapt those characteristics which the upperclassmen have selected as important. Therefore, the upperclassmen have a responsible part in fostering and maintaining the ideals of doing the best in classwork, of contributing individually to Student Government activities, and of growing socially. The upperclassmen must live up to the freshmen's ideals. In this way the upperclassmen can work for a greater Queens.

—B. A. C.

A Reminder To The Boarders

The Administration at Queens has requested time and time again that the boarding students remember to cut off lights when they leave their respective rooms and classes. Perhaps we have forgotten their request, or perhaps we have failed to understand any reason for the request.

What happens when we fail to flip the switch to run out to meals, to activities, to classes, or to social engagements? The extra electricity which is required to burn the lights during that hour or hours is multiplied by countless rooms in each of our dormitories. When this practice goes on for weeks and then for months, a sizable sum of money is spent for electricity which has not been put to any use at all. For example, during our evening meals any person can pass by the boarders' living quarters and observe lights blazing forth in empty rooms. In fact, in some instances an observer can note that not one, but often two or three lamps will be burning in one room alone.

We do not suggest that the boarders limit their illumination during study. We do not suggest that the students fail to use this modern convenience when lights are necessary or even helpful. This is only a request that we cease any extravagant use of electricity. The money saved may be the means of a worthy student's continuing his education through a scholarship. When maintenance goes down, funds for student aid will be increased.

No additional reminder should be needed from the Administration. It will not take much effort to comply with their request. We should use the lights when they are needed; but when lights are unnecessary, we should not be extravagant even through thoughtlessness. We can remember to cut off our lights.

—E. A. C.

BROWSING ♦ ♦ ♦

The Intriguing Story of Napoleon's First Love

Selinko, Annemarie: *Desiree*, Windmill Press, Kingswood, Surrey. 1954, 674 pp.

Desiree is the delightful and intriguing story of a sick merchant's daughter of Marseilles who was Napoleon's first love and later became the wife of Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte, one of France's greatest soldiers. Although the novel was published in 1954, it has been translated into nine languages. The English translation is by Lolready Arnold Bender, and E. W. Dickes. *Desiree* combines both fact and fiction to give a living picture of many of the important personalities of the Napoleonic age.

On her fourteenth birthday Desiree Clary was given a diary by her father. In it she recorded all the important events of her life, and it is in this manner that her story is revealed. Desiree's older sister, Julie, married Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's younger brother. The two families became close, and Desiree soon became engaged to Napoleon, who was then a general. Since he was dissatisfied in Marseilles, Napoleon went to Paris. After not hearing from him for some time, Desiree left secretly for Paris, to discover upon her arrival that Napoleon was engaged to the beautiful and charming Josephine. Desiree felt that her life was at an end. And when she was considering jumping from a bridge into the Seine, she was rescued by Jean-Baptiste, a Republican sergeant.

After spending some time in Marseilles, Desiree returned to Paris to live with her sister Julie and her husband. At one of the official dinners Desiree met Jean-Baptiste again, and in a few months they were married.

From this time on Desiree had what might be called a front row seat to the affairs of the French nation. In a number of years, after Jean-Baptiste had exhibited his skill in war and in government, he was asked by the people of Sweden to become their king. When he accepted this position Desiree took the last important step in her life and became a queen.

In *Desiree* Annemarie Selinko has combined both history and fiction to make parts of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries live again. Desiree in her own warm and sweet manner gives

insight into the customs and personalities of both people and nations of this age. By doing this Desiree has earned for herself a lasting spot in the hearts of the French nation and of the world.

—Jackie Rolston

Angels and Actors Provide Comedy

Segall, Harry: *Mr. Angel*, Dramatics Play Service, Inc. 1948, 78 pp.

Mr. Angel by Harry Segall is a comedy in three acts concerning the events of a New York couple, Lydia and Stacy Bolton, typical Broadway actors.

Because of the busy life which these two lead in their world as actors, having children has been put off by the couple. There is, however, a young angel, labeled merely as Item, who wants more than anything to be born of these two people. In fact, she's been hanging around waiting ever since the rice-throwing.

A man, Mr. Charles, also an angel, is sent from heaven to bring back Item, who flatly refuses to return. Mr. Charles can not admit defeat; and so he takes on human flesh in order to persuade Lydia and Stacy that they want children and thus solve Item's problem.

At Item's suggestion Mr. Charles becomes a Montana cattle rancher and is brought home from the racetrack by Stacy. Stacy thinks Mr. Charles, now called Slim, is a rich man and possibly will back their next production. Slim wins Lydia's favor and encourages her material instincts by planting a baby in a subway phone booth, having her find it and bring it home. Complications set in, however, when Daphne, the author of Stacy's new play, comes onto the scene from Hollywood. A siren and a beautiful woman, Daphne completely sweeps Slim off his feet.

As the plot unravels, Slim is discovered to be a phony, but is able to get back in heaven and throw off his human form only with Item's promise to return with him. Lydia's attachment to the baby she found has sold her on the idea of having children of her own; thus the curtain falls on Mr. Charles's exit as he's off on another assignment, having safely fulfilled his obligation to Item.

This delightful comedy, full of spicy lines and amusing situations, is a well-

written play. Through the use of metaphors and puns and ambiguous phrases much laughter is encouraged. Well-developed characters round out a plot which proves to be highly entertaining.

—Sally Edgerly

Human Portrait of Mary Todd

Stone, Irving: *Love Is Eternal*, Doubleday and Company, New York: 1954, 468 pp., \$3.96.

Irving Stone gives a unique account of Mary Todd Lincoln in this love story of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd. He pictures her as an ambitious woman but he also portrays her as a wife and mother. The usual prejudice toward Mary is not shared by Stone; instead she becomes a true, loving helpmate to Abraham Lincoln.

Mary Todd was born of the Kentucky aristocracy—cultured, lovely, and intelligent. Her intelligence exceeded that of most women of her day as did her education. After taking private classes from her good friend and teacher, Dr. Warren, she was graduated from Transylvania College in Lexington, Kentucky.

Romance was not lacking in Mary's life. She had every opportunity of marrying young, but she preferred to wait and give her love to a man who would accept her as his mental equal. Her superior mind and training would not allow her to be content simply to manage a large house and bear children. Her life had been centered around politics and men of great minds, such as Henry Clay; and she did not intend to let her knowledge and interest lie dormant.

After graduation Mary went to Springfield, Illinois, the state capital and hub of state political turnings. Here she was quite content although she was still unable to find a man who would accept her as his equal.

Abraham Lincoln literally dropped into her life. One day while at a political rally he dropped from a loft to defer to a speaker standing on a dais below him. This was Mary's first glimpse of him.

Love came very gradually after Abraham's entrance into her life. Abraham's background was unlike hers, and he was a difficult person to know. He had

oods of profound melancholia which
sted for days. Then he would come
rth with one of his famous anecdotes
d would be himself once more.

Against the wishes of her family Mary
arried Abraham, then a struggling
ung lawyer, who was too honest for
s own good. From the time of their
marriage until they entered the White
ouse their life together was a repeti-
on of political and dismal defeats. The
ss of their small son, Edward, was a
ushing blow. Lincoln held a public
fice only once before he became pres-
ent. This was when he was elected
the House of Representatives.

The thorn in the political side of
raham and Mary was their good
end Stephen A. Douglas, Democratic
nator from Illinois. He defeated them
every turn, but in the greatest elec-
on of all Douglas conceded to Lincoln.

Mary Todd Lincoln became a mis-
ess of the White House during a most
acial era of our nation, the Civil War.
er fight to keep her husband well and
ppy, her fight against the malicious-
ss directed toward her by the union
pers, and her fight to overcome the
rt and grief of a war which alienated
r from her beloved family constituted
e of the most heart-rending battles
oman ever endured. The battle end-
only when her gentle, peace-loving
usband was shot through the head be-
re her very eyes.

Truly Mary Todd Lincoln deserves
second look from the historians. She
as a woman who loved her husband,
nily, and country as only a woman
her emotional intensity could.

—Barbara Watkins

Light Comedy Suggests Modern Fairy Tale

Taylor, Samuel: *Sabrina Fair*, Ran-
om House, Inc. 1954, 35 pages.

According to Samuel Taylor's delight-
and romantic comedy, *Sabrina Fair*,
ere once lived on a Long Island estate
e Larrabees, an extremely affluent and
ntel family. The members of this
nily were such captivating personali-
s that each could provide material
ough for a separate play.

The first member of the family intro-
ced in the play is Mrs. Larrabee, a
oical social butterfly with a regally
ndescending air cleverly presented by
e author in a ridiculing fashion. Mrs.
rabee spends all her time trying to

arrange the love lives of her two sons:
David, a weak but disarmingly appeal-
ing character whose first failure at mar-
riage has not cooled his ardor; and
Linus, a ruthless business tycoon who is
cynically wary of anything or anyone
who threatens to push him toward a
venture even faintly resembling the mar-
ital state. For added hilarity, combine
with these Mr. Larrabee, whose only
pleasure left in life now is found in at-
tending funerals of his old associates,
and the cultured chauffeur, Mr. Fair-
child, who spends all his free time read-
ing profound literature and old classics.

This in itself creates a backdrop for
riotous action; and plenty begins when
Sabrina, the chauffeur's daughter, ar-
rives home after having spent the past
three years as an American government
employee in Paris. Having left as an
"earnest, scholarly little mouse," her re-
turn as a chic and poised young woman
arouses varied and interesting responses
from the family. The involved action
in the concluding scenes becomes even
more ridiculous as time passes; and the
play ends, to the audience's (or the read-
er's) obvious delight, on the droll and
almost trite note of a Cinderella tale.

Taken lightly, the play offers diver-
sion and light entertainment with just
enough satirical force put in to add zest.
At times the plot borders on flippancy;
yet the urbanity of its tone and its pure-
ly delightful humor sustain its thin plot
and overcome its faults.

—Shirley Shipp

Hospitality Week End

Sixty high school seniors from the
Southeast attended Hospitality Week
End held on the campus October 22, 23,
24. These prospective students lived in
the residence halls and followed the reg-
ular program of the college.

On Saturday they attended classes
and chapel, and Dr. Edwin R. Walker
spoke to them informally in the Stultz
Auditorium. Members of the sophomore
and junior classes furnished the enter-
tainment for Saturday evening, and the
Panhellenic Council and the Day Stu-
dent Council entertained for the guests.
Numbers of students served as individ-
ual hostesses to the visitors, and the
Alumnae Association served refresh-
ments for one of the social events of
the week-end.

A Critical Analysis of the Style of William Faulkner

LINDSAY MARSHALL

One of the most influential literary
figures of our day, William Faulkner,
was awarded the Nobel Prize for Litera-
ture in 1950. The essence of his accept-
ance speech for this honor is that the
problems of the human heart must al-
ways remain a formidable challenge to
the writer. One should not write for
glory nor profit, but to create out of the
materials of the human spirit something
which did not exist before. Further com-
menting on his purpose for writing in a
foreword for *The Faulkner Reader*,
Faulkner states that an author must al-
ways strive to uplift man's heart. These
ideals indeed form a noble creed for any
writer. In the opinion of this reader,
however, little if any of this creed is re-
flected in Faulkner's works. One cannot
help wondering if he has set a standard
attained only by a few truly great mas-
ters, realizing that he himself never has
reached it and never will reach it. A
survey of Faulkner's style as observed
in a selected group of his short stories
will reveal some reasons for his merit of
literary acclaim as well as his failure to
measure up to his own creed.

Strangely enough, it is not the me-
chanics of Faulkner's style that attract
my attention, although the technical as-
pects of an author's work certainly de-
termine to a great degree the style itself.
Upon reading Faulkner, however, one
receives the deepest impression not from
the construction of the sentences and the
organization of the paragraphs, but from
the general impact and mood of the
subject matter and the unity of the work
as a whole. In order to give a complete
picture of his style, though, there are
certain aspects of the mechanics that are
worthy of particular attention. In his
short stories Faulkner does not use a
series of carefully constructed para-
graphs to carry the action forward, but
rather concentrates on an easy flow of
narration and on events connected by
the transition of natural relationship.
The paragraphs found are those placed
to set a particular scene or to describe a
character and are usually composed of
one or two sentences of extraordinary
length. This use of the long, involved
sentence is rather bewildering and dis-
concerting in that it tends at first to dis-
tract the reader's attention from the plot
itself, but one soon accepts the construc-

(Continued on page 21)

POETRY

Tragic Triumph

MARJORIE BLANKENSHIP

Ed. Note

According to one adaptation of the ancient Greek legend, Prometheus, who stole the fire of wisdom from heaven and thus saved man from his animal existence, was punished by the jealous gods. After being condemned to spend eternity chained to the Causasian Mountains with a vulture eating

his liver, he hurled a curse to the gods. For this act he was condemned to his punishment until he withdrew his curse. Thus, though Prometheus stole the fire of wisdom, man degenerates in animal warfare while his benefactor retains his curse and spends useless martyrdom, unable to help man.

Thy dry earth drinks the melting snow;
The torrents break, the rivers flow—
The ordered seasons come and go
In nature's universe.

Still April sweetens earth with rain;
Still summer breaks with flowered plain;
Still autumn blazes in her pain
And shares the Titan's curse.

And still man spends his little day
Besieged by fretful fears that play
Across his mind—a mind asleep
With dreams that haunt its shadowed deep
The trumpet sounds the phantom call;
The battle wanes—the banners fall,
The fields lift up the fruits of pain
Where shattered lives in death are lain,
And barren crosses meet the sun
That sickens when its course is run.
Awake, O dreamers, who aspire
To reach the warmth of heaven's fire!

Prometheus! The open sky
In vain would hide the vulture's eye
That guards thy ice-bound mountain chain
Whose jutting crags now bear the stain
Of noble blood that breaks and flows
Across the crest of silent snows.
Arise! 'Tis you the gods defame.
For you, an alabaster flame
Divides with light, a darkened sky
Where angered bolts of thunder fly
And blood-red clouds for thirst outrun
The torrid signals of the sun.

Aeolian winds with vengeance blow;
And still Jove hurls the chilling snow.
Ten thousand ages come and go;
Prometheus remains.

Arise, O god; thy mission keep.
For man dreams on in fitful sleep.
But hope will light the shadowed deep
As progress slowly gains.



The prize-winning selection for poetry

Contrast

EMMIE HAY

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1621 . . .
Rough-hewn benches under a giant oak tree . . .
Tables laden with roast pheasant, wild turkey, spicy puddings, hot, redolent pumpkin pie . . .
Gray dresses with starched white collars . . .
Solemn red faces, garishly painted, silently nodding approval . . .
Humble prayers of thanks, grateful for life itself . . .

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1954 . . .
In open hearth, a roaring fire . . .
Hot toasted chestnuts . . .
Tender slices from a golden-brown bird . . .
The fragrant, cheerful aroma of hot coffee . . .
Gay, laughing voices blended in song . . .

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1954 . . .
Fast flurries of snow, piling in crisp, white drifts along the rows of dead corn stalks . . .
Trembling hand, clutching the frayed edges of an old coat . . .
Black faces gazing silently at the big white house on the hill . . .
The angry, gnawing protest of an unfed stomach . . .
In empty shack, a bare table, a cold fireplace . . .

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1954 . . .
A piece of newspaper blowing down a narrow street . . .
Piles of evil-smelling refuse in dark alleys . . .
Angry shouts from the window of a large tenement house . . .
A little boy clutching a crust of hard bread . . .

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1954 . . .
Solitary white steeple reaching desperately to the sky . . .
Enthusiastic voices dutifully singing anthems of praise . . .
Meaningless prayers repeated by rote . . .
Words sent up to heaven, souls held below . . .

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1954 . . .
Litter . . . Loneliness . . . Emptiness

Metamorphosis

CAROLYN MOFFAT

I clasped my hands in ecstasy,
As first I viewed love's sweet delight.
When it was offered unto me,
I held it close, untarnished, bright
As spring's first sparkling morn.
I placed it in my heart with care,
And, lo, from this my soul, reborn,
Awakened from the union fair.
Then love's soft touch upon my heart
Aroused me from my dreamless state,
Transfiguring radiance to impart,
A yielding woman to create.

The Hunter

PEGGY BRICE

Leaves bend and snap beneath the morning frost,
The foggy air, still dense with winter rain,
Drifts silently across the fields;
The first pink shafts of light
Spread growing flames across the silver sky.
A pointer trained for sport
Leaps through the stubby sheaves
Of summer corn
Now coarse and brown,
As booted feet crush down the rigid grass.
A shot booms forth,
Fills valleys with its crashing sound
And vibrates through a startled world—
Then rolls away.

A Young Lover's Prayer

LIBBY GUNN

Dear God of Love and Life; this is my plea:
Not that our friendship permanent may be.
But only that against thy holy light
It may be pure and flawless in thy sight.

Windows of the Soul

MARJORIE BLANKENSHIP AND MARY BRADLEY

He trods his destined way
His mind, a mirror for his feet.
His face, the window
Of his soul.

Look in his eyes
And see his secrets.
Look in her eyes—
Discern the truth.

Sober, squinted eyes—the scholar;
Posing, flirting eyes—the jester;
Pleasant, friendly eyes—the comrade;
Swollen eyes—the sorrowful.
Fearful eyes—once hopeful
Shrink to stronger stares.

Each face reveals a soul
That lives in mirrored eyes;
And best I love the eyes
Of purity—
A mother's eyes.

In hers all endless love,
An all creator's soul
That shines in perfect trust
And lights my destined way.

Lines Composed on Reading Evening Paper

WORTH SPEARMAN

Oh! Narrow-minded man! When will
The little petty bounds thou set'st
Thyself be insufficient grown
And tightening feel to goad thee free?
To sacrifice thy youth, thy life,
To banal bickerings and blood
Too hastily drawn? Democracy
Indeed! To scrape thy feelings smooth
And acquiesce, or vacillate
(Good deeds returned or prejudice
free reigned.) Beat out thy little niche
And there remain, stone-faced and dumb—
Turn out thy healthy inner parts
Upon the ground and in their stead
Place blind allegiance, foolishness,
And such as maketh thine and thee
All one, as has thy neighbor done—
And then when all thy race, obtained
Of one cool blood and uniform
Existence, be both smug and vain,
Make war upon thyself and see
How quickly can'st thou grind thy bones
And scatter to the winds of death.
Thy boorish, narrow-minded fate
Thus plan thee sure and contemplate,
Though frozen o'er, how best thou may'st
Get in and there to bed thee down.

Lines Composed on a Twenty-second Birthday

ANNE MAULDIN

A birthday is one thing that everybody
has, and it comes once a year.
I get a little provoked with underclass-
men who keep saying, "Oh, are
you honestly that old?" so that
now I'm not exactly sure whether
I'm glad or not that my twenty-
second one is here.
As long as I was twenty-one I could
keep telling myself that I was just
barely of voting age, and could keep
feeling young and alive,
But now that I'm twenty-two I feel
at least seventy-five.
At any rate on your birthday everybody
treats you like a queen, and that's
the nicest thing about 'em.
And one thing about birthdays is that
you surely can't live without 'em.

16—THE BLUE QUILL

The Time of Golden Rod

LIBBY GUNN

The russet bloom of summer's growth I see
As late October's earth I now behold;
Then autumn draws my mind and soul from me
And stains them deep with colors gay and bold.
My human eyes see rust, vermillion, gold,
As, drifting, sifting, leaves by day descend
And whirling, swirling, mount at eve on cold
And nipping spiral-gusts of rising wind.
These eyes see, too, at daylight's hastening end
A harvest moon with star light shining near.
This beauty rare! My wiser soul must lend
My frailer eyes the understanding here
Of *why* the autumn leaves and golden rod.
The wonder of it all! The reason—God.

Two Forty-five A. M.

WORTH SPEARMAN

I'm sure that if I weren't so tired,
I'd be a better man. I'd sing
Some songs that I'd composed myself
And read that stack of molding books
I've laid aside to read. And then
Perhaps I'd think a while and dream.
But not just now. I'm much too tired.

I'm sure that if I weren't so tired
I'd likely write a book . . . distill
The liquid thoughts that come to me.
I'd be a fiery orator
And agitate the mob. Because
As Cowper said, "A fool must now
And then be right, by chance." And so
I would. Right now I'm just too tired.

Signs of the Time

LIBBY GUNN

Those who've rarely smiled before
Smile smiles that say, "Je vous adore!"
Students rush through shopping masses,
Rest their weary bones in classes.

Carols droned by monotones
Are gaily heard with fewer groans
As after dinner parting throngs
Raise to the stars their clear, sweet songs.

Why is it that these things are so?
Why are we cheerful, on the go?
Why do we raise a song sublime?
Why laugh? Why love? It's Christmas time!

Christmas Cousins

LEESA ROUSSEAU ADCOCK
(Second-prize winner in prose)

December 1, 1954

Dear Cousin Lillian,

I was just thinking about you and wondering what you are doing with yourself these days. I believe it was a year ago since I last heard from you.

Please write me soon and let me know how you are. I am always interested in knowing what happens to my dear cousin, Lil.

Affectionately,
Cousin Nancy

December 6, 1954

Dear Cousin Nancy,

I sure was glad to hear from you and know what your address is now. Seems I misplaced it and couldn't write to you.

Isn't it wonderful that *family* can be with each other near Christmas, even if it is only in letters?

It's cold and crisp here and the air busy shopping fills the streets. I am planning to do a little special Christmas shopping for someone special this afternoon.

Write soon, I do love to hear from my sweet cousin, Nancy,

Lovingly,
Cousin Lillian

December 11, 1954

Dear Cousin Lillian,

Sorry I haven't answered your letter sooner, but the Christmas rush has kept me so busy that I hardly have time to rest, much less write letters. But, I always have time to write my favorite cousin.

I shopped all day today, and bought lots and lots of presents. At Christmas time my heart just opens up, and I seem to spend every cent I've got. There is something about Christmas that makes people spend vast sums of money, especially on their family, and their loved ones.

Well dear, must close as I have lots of presents to wrap and many packages to get ready to mail. Write soon, your letters are so very welcome.

Affectionately,
Cousin Nancy

December 17, 1954

Dear Cousin Nancy,

Gracious, Christmas is here already and I still have lots of baking to do, and gifts to buy. Of course, I've already mailed your little package. I do hope you like it. I always say, quality is the most important thing. Don't open it til Christmas.

Your package arrived today and I am so excited. With your good taste, I know that it will be something wonderful.

Write soon darling, as I love to get your letters. Have a Merry Christmas, and do be careful driving over the holidays.

Lovingly,
Cousin Lillian

December 22, 1954

Dear Cousin Lillian,

Your package arrived today, but it says "Do not open til Christmas," so I guess I'll have to wait.

It is always such fun for *family* to come together at Christmas time and write each other.

I know we ought to be saving our money, but I'm like you, I spend a great deal this time of year. At Christmas I just empty my pockets. I love to get nice things for people, after all one really nice thing is better than several cheap things.

Affectionately,
Cousin Nancy

December 27, 1954

Dear Cousin Nancy,

Just a line to thank you for the nice hankie. Handmade things are so nice. I know you spent a lot of time making it. Thank you again.

Sincerely,
Cousin Lillian

December 31, 1954

Dear Cousin Lillian,

Wanted to take this chance to thank you for the nice handkerchiefs. It was so sweet of you to have them monogrammed. But, my initials are NSM not NGM.

Write me sometime when you have time. Have a nice Easter. Thank you again for the hankies.

Sincerely,
Cousin Nancy

YESTEREVES

ANNE MAULDIN

It is the summer nights that I remember most fondly from the years when I was growing up. In those days we lived in a neighborhood of old but substantial one-story houses set close together. I know that no other block ever contained so many interesting nooks and crannies. There was a tool house with everything in the world in it but tools, and it was here that the neighborhood mamma cat always had her kittens. There was a little wooded area which was our jungle when we played. We had tree houses, a vacant lot for softball, and a wonderful sloping sidewalk for skating.

But it was the evenings that were best. In the middle of the summer it never got really dark before eight, and we all looked forward to those hours between supper and dark. We children would bolt down our light summer suppers and rush to meet at the stone bench in the Butler's yard across the street, for we must squeeze in as much play as we possibly could before darkness came. Then the parents

drifted out two by two and gathered in a circle of lawn chairs to talk quietly and slap mosquitoes.

There is something indescribable about the quality of the twilight hours. No other nights will ever have that special sound to me—the cicadas whirring in the trees around us, the crickets in the grass, the magic way that voices carry as if over water. And the smell of honeysuckle pervades my memory, too, for there was some in every yard.

We called and hid and chased, our dogs running behind us and barking as if they also had a part in our game. We played so hard that the darkness would be upon us before anyone realized it, and soon a call for bedtime would come from one of the mothers. Then the game would break up in a matter of minutes, and we would shuffle reluctantly off to bed, the night sounds still around us. But not too reluctantly did we go, for in those worryless summers each day was a shining adventure and tomorrow would come quickly.



fashions to
a "Queens taste"
will be found
in our third
floor shops

MONTALDO'S

220 N. Tryon St.

The Spirit of Christmas

MARY BRADLEY

Little Donnie Meadows pressed his nose against the frosty windowpane. His brown eyes were wide with excitement. Snow. The first snowfall of the season, and it was only four days until Christmas. "Mommy," Donnie called, "come here and see the snow. Santa Claus won't have to fly his helicopter this year. He can come over the snow in his sleigh and with his reindeer."

Mrs. Meadows smiled pleasantly and said, "If you wash your hands and eat like a good boy, you can go with me to see Santa Claus at Kimbrell's Department Store."

"Oh boy!" Donnie yelled. "Will Santa Claus bring me an electric train if I wash my hands?"

"He might," Mrs. Meadows said as Donnie ran as fast as his short legs would carry him to wash his hands. And he hurried about as fast eating his lunch.

Then Mrs. Meadows helped Donnie put on his coat and hat and cap that fitted snugly over his ears and fastened under his chin. Mrs. Meadows put on her own coat, picked up her pocketbook and gloves, and said, "Let's hurry so that we can see Santa Claus before he goes to eat lunch."

Donnie looked at his mother as if to say, "I didn't know Santa Claus ever eats." But after this puzzled expression she smiled real big, "Oh boy, we're going to see Santa Claus. He's going to ask me to bring him a long electric train."

And so mother and son were off to Kimbrell's Department Store.

They found Kimbrell's swarming with holiday shoppers. People were everywhere, most of them struggling under mountains of gaily wrapped Christmas packages. Donnie was lost amid the jungle of people who towered high above him. He was shoved into an elevator with his mother. People and packages were massed so closely around him that he thought he would suffocate before the elevator operator could get out. "Toy Department!" With more shoving and pushing, Donnie finally found himself in a child's paradise. There were toys, toys, and more toys. But Donnie was interested in only two things—the electric trains and Santa Claus.

First, he saw the train speeding around on a miniature track and whistling shrilly at every turn. There were freight and lumber cars, passenger and diner cars, refrigerator cars, and a little red caboose. But the engine was the best of all because without it the other cars could go nowhere. The engine was long, sleek, silver-colored with a red streak going down each side. There was also a real light on the front that lit up just like the one on the big train that Donnie had traveled on to go see his grandmother. And inside the engine was a miniature engineer. There was a tunnel for the train to go through, a bridge for it to go over, and a station where little dolls were standing ready to get on the train when it stopped. Donnie was jumping up and down, clapping his hands, and pointing to the train as it whistled around the curves, "I wanta tell Santa to bring me this very engine!"

When Donnie got to Santa Claus, he found the jovial old gentleman sitting on his big throne with a curly-haired little girl on his knee. He was just as fat and jolly in his bright red suit as he had been the year before.

There was a long line of boys and girls waiting to talk to him. But finally Donnie's turn came. What fun it was to talk to Santa Claus. Donnie sat there on his knee and talked until his mother had to prod him away. He ended their conversation by saying, "And, Santa Claus, if you'll bring me the electric train, I'll leave you a big piece of fruit cake under the Christmas tree."

Santa laughed so hard that he shook all over, "And if you're a good boy between now and Christmas, I just might take you up on that."

Donnie left, feeling confident that Santa Claus would bring him the electric train because he was resolved to be the best boy on Santa's list.

A little later that same day Eddy, one of Donnie's friends, came over to play in the snow with him. Eddy was nine years old, and so he felt very superior and much wiser in the ways of the world than his eight-year-old playmate. Donnie respected his friend's wisdom and let him be the leader in all their games. So, after tiring of just romping in the snow, Eddy suggested, "Let's make a great big snowman."

"Oh boy!" exclaimed Donnie. And so the two boys began rolling together huge snowballs for the body and smaller ones for the head and arms. Their snowman was going to be good enough to win first prize in a snowman contest. They got him all put together, and then Eddy asked, "How shall we dress him up?"

"Like Santa Claus!" was Donnie's immediate rejoinder.

"Santa Claus!" exclaimed Eddy, raising a superior eyebrow.

"Yes," said Donnie, his voice growing weaker, "We can get a red scarf and a red hat and make him a beard."

"Do you still believe in Santa Claus?"

Poor Donnie was not sure how he should take his friend's last remark. He had overheard some of the older neighborhood boys saying that there was not a Santa Claus. Donnie had not believed them; but if Eddy, his very best friend, said it, it had to be true. Finally he stammered, "Of—of course, I don't believe in Santa Claus. That's for children." Then quickly he added, "I've gotta go now," and he ran towards his house.

"Mommy," Donnie cried, slamming the front door.

"Take off your boots," Mrs. Meadows called from the kitchen.

But Donnie did not stop to take off his boots, mittens, or anything else. He raced into the kitchen, "Mommy, Eddy said there's no Santa Claus!" There was a big tear drop rolling down each of Donnie's chubby red cheeks, "Is there a Santa Claus?"



Mrs. Meadows said, "I think this pudding can cook a while by itself. You take off your boots and coat; then we'll go in the living room and talk."

Mrs. Meadows settled herself on the sofa beside Donnie who now and then wiped a tear out of the corners of his eyes. "Here," said his mother soothingly, "wipe your eyes with this handkerchief. You're a big boy now; so you must take things as a big boy should, like Daddy does, and not cry."

"Yes'm," Donnie nodded his head in assent. "but, Mommy, is there a Santa Claus?"

"Of course, there's a Santa Claus. I believe in him very much."

"But Eddy said there's no such thing. And I heard Bobby and Jim say that Santa Claus at Kimbrell's is a plain man all dressed up. And so I guess I've never really seen him." Donnie caught another tear as it rolled down his cheek.

"Donnie," his mother said, "there're a lot of things in this world you have to believe in even though you can't see them."

"Well, Mommy, if you can't see them, how do you know they are there?"

"You can see the things they do for you. You know that Daddy and I love you very much, but can you see love?"

"No, I don't think so, but you and Daddy always kiss me good night."

"That's what I mean. And then, Donnie, we believe in God. We can't see him, but we know that he makes it rain

and he makes the sun shine, and he makes the flowers grow and he gives us our food. It's the same way with Santa Claus. We can't see him, but he's there just as sure as anything, because there are always toys under the tree when we wake up on Christmas morning."

"But, Mommy, is Santa Claus a real man like Daddy?"

"He can be just as real as you want him to be. That's what's fun and disappointing, too, about growing up. You learn more and more about things you can't see. And when you get older you may not even call Santa Claus 'Santa Claus'. Maybe you call him 'love' or the 'spirit of Christmas' or the 'spirit of giving'. But, Donnie, as you grow up Santa Claus will become more and more real to you. It makes no difference what you call him. He'll be there every Christmas. Santa Claus may be a feeling that you get deep down inside of you. He may be all the toys and nice gifts you get from people you love and presents that you give them just as the shepherds brought the baby Jesus gifts because they loved him. Or Santa Claus can be as real a man as Daddy. He can have a long white beard and be all dressed up in a bright red suit trimmed with fur. So you see, Donnie, Santa Claus is what you want him to be."

The door bell rang just as his mother finished, and Donnie hopped up, cheerful and lighthearted once again. He went to the door. It was Eddy wanting him to come and play.

As Donnie was putting on his boots, he said to his father, "And there really is a Santa Claus."



A MUST IN YOUR CAMPUS WARDROBES

Cashmere Sweaters

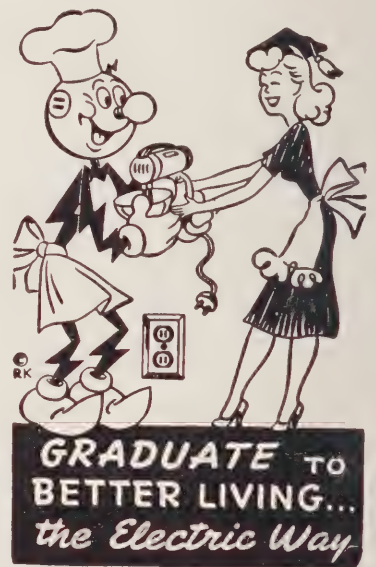
and you can vouch for them at
MIDTOWN SHOP

where you may choose from

BRAEMARS 'Scotland's finest'

PREMIERS or CALIDONIA'S

—as beautifully tailored inside as outside,
and in a glorious array of colors.



DUKE POWER COMPANY
Serving the Piedmont Carolinas

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE STYLE OF WILLIAM FAULKNER

(Continued from page 13)

as a "Faulknerism" and begins to see how the action is continued by this artificial semblance of ongoing motion and restless energy. In contrast to the lengthy, complicated sentence Faulkner employs terse, cryptic sentences, often fragmentary, to give dramatic force and power to the narrative and a brutal and jarring effect to the action. There is nothing soft, tender, or sentimental about Faulkner's works. One is struck by his ability to create a dynamic force with language that is fresh, original, and, above all, vivid. With equal artistry Faulkner can bring a character to life, set a scene, establish a tone or mood, appeal to the senses, or present action that leaves the reader breathless with mingled wonder and excitement. He frequently uses colloquial language or dialect (both often questionably coarse and crude) to suit the characters he wishes to present. The realistic effect of a character's speech is responsible to a great degree for the dramatic atmosphere of "Spotted Horses" and "That Evening Sun."

Faulkner's development of action through the dynamic use of vivid language carries forward the plot of his short stories. The total effect of these works reminds one of Poe's dramatic quality and O. Henry's original twist; yet there is an almost indescribable tone or mood that is Faulkner's own. He does not set the scene with lengthy description or explanation, but rather transports the reader immediately into the course of events. Often Faulkner establishes the mood of the story with a few words at the beginning. Such is the case with "Dry September," in which the graphic picture of the "bloody September sun" reaching the arid earth permeates the action much the same as Mark Schorer's description of the summer sun lingering in autumn lends an atmosphere to his story in the "Summer Sun." From the initial action or description the reader is caught up in a sweep of events that thunder forward with ever increasing tempo until the climax is reached. At

this point Faulkner employs a variety of techniques. Sometimes, as in "A Rose for Emily," the climax is reached at the very end with little or no denouement. In "Barn Burning" and "Dry September" the reader's interest is brought to a high peak and maintained to the last word; one feels no anticlimax at all. A series of climaxes is noted in "Turnabout." In still another variation Faulkner can create a sensation of tenseness that develops through the rising action, as in "That Evening Sun," and leaves the reader with the impression that the actual climax has not been described in the story but is left to his imagination.

As much emphasis as Faulkner places upon plot development, his characters are not, however, lost in the sweep of events, but are highlighted by them. Faulkner's characterizations are based on graphic description, the words and actions of the characters themselves, and the things that other people have to say about them. One has the feeling that although the characters are presented with stark realism, they never really existed, but are the product of a human mind who created them for the sake of masterful artistry, eccentric whim, or sadistic maliciousness. His characters live; yet they possess an undefinable inhuman quality. One is relieved that he finds none of these people among those of his acquaintance, though perhaps their prototypes are found in every age. Occasionally there is a fairly admirable person presented in Faulkner's stories, such as Claude Hope of "Turnabout" and Mr. Henry of "Dry September," but most of his characters are psychotic, weird, or ignoble.

Faulkner's language, plots, and characterizations are largely determined by his choice of subject matter. In general, his novels and short stories are almost entirely centered around a Southern county in a region of his own creation. He portrays the South in war and peace, reconstruction and regression. When one notes the typical people and subjects dealt with in these works, he cannot help wondering if some inhuman creature or fiend could possibly have warped Faulkner as a child. His writings tell either of abnormal human behavior or

of man's inhumanity to man. A sample of his works would include psychotic personalities trapped in the web of their own mental abnormality, sadistic brutes who either triumph over those too ignorant and foolish to defend themselves or take action founded on unjust, deep-rooted prejudice, and an ignorant, superstitious woman motivated by dark, unreasonable fear. There would seem to be little in this naturalistic, one-sided view of life to uplift the human heart. My heart was rather sickened by this concentrated dose of man's evil nature. I did not enjoy Faulkner's works, but I was drawn to them with a sort of horrid fascination. Faulkner's touch stamps his work with the somewhat inhuman, unreal quality of an Emily Bronte. His characters are towering curiosities of the human mind like Heathcliff of *Wuthering Heights*. I feel that if Faulkner finds a lasting place in the literary Hall of Fame it will not be because his distorted picture of life is an accurate or fair picture of this century or any other century, but because the literary quality of his dramatic writing and his theme of man's inhumanity to man will find its place and have its appeal in every age.

Darkness at Noon

SALLY EDGERTON

Walk real fast
Mail at last
Push along
Won't be long.

Slam the door
Cross the floor
Spy the space
Smile on face.

Too clear view
Obstructions few
Nothing found
Turn around.

Too much dust
Hinges rust
Tomorrow try
Will not cry.

The Liberal Arts College and the Well-Adjusted Individual

SYLVIA STUART

I believe that one of the marks of an educated individual is his ability to adjust to circumstances which arise in daily living. A good education is needed for one to be able to judge wisely in the perplexing problems and situations of life. The ability to adjust is acquired largely from an institution of higher learning. Careful consideration, therefore, must be taken by a person in the selection of his college. The requirements for degrees and courses offered must be investigated for one to see that graduates of a chosen institution are well-adjusted people in the modern world.

In choosing a college today, a prospective student is torn between the specialized school and the liberal arts school. This age demands that a person be adept in a certain field. The high cost of living requires that one do his best in the field for which he is suited. And as a result of the requirements for sufficient income in daily living, a student often turns to the specialized school. He believes that only through specialization in fields such as medicine and business can a rewarding education come.

I believe that a truly rewarding education—one that is both financially and intellectually satisfying—cannot be acquired from a specialized school. In a college of specialization a student is required to take only a minimum number of hours in cultural subjects. Then he concentrates for the remainder of his college years on professional and technical subjects which are preparatory for his vocation. Thus, I believe that a person can be hindered in his intellectual growth by attending a specialized school. Without a knowledge of cultural subjects a person cannot hope to adjust to the problems and situations of life. He will have to cope with more circumstances than he will have met with his narrow vocational training. Not only will a person without a cultural education find difficulty in adjusting to problems, but he will also find difficulty in encountering people from all walks of life. A trend in modern business is to hire people with a liberal arts education. Businessmen desire employees who have knowledge of many fields instead of only one field of study. These men con-

tend that workers will be called upon to make decisions which not only concern their particular business, but which also concern all aspects of life.

Since a college of specialization often cannot produce a well-adjusted individual, I believe that a liberal arts college is better. In a liberal arts institution a student is required to study many subjects. Literature, philosophy, and history enable a person to understand life by studying the great thinkers and movements which have founded our civilization. The sciences—mathematics, biology, and chemistry—give mankind a better knowledge of the physical world. Through the study of languages one gains a better comprehension of foreign peoples. The fine arts—architecture, painting, and music—give a person an appreciation of the aesthetic aspect of life. Thus, the liberal arts college provides an education which includes all fields of learning.

I believe that the education received from a liberal arts college is influential in creating a well-adjusted individual. In this modern world where perplexing problems and situations confront a person each day, it is essential that he be prepared to face reality. The many varied subjects which are studied at a liberal arts college give one the facility to understand and cope with circumstances which arises in daily living. The broad education which is provided by the liberal arts college, therefore, meets the necessary requirements of a well-adjusted individual.

MARY BRADLEY

(Continued from page 3)

has served as literary editor of *The Blue Quill*. She has worked with *The Blue Quill* as a reporter for four years. In her work with *The Blue Quill* and *Campus News*, she has done much toward presenting Queens to the public. —M. C.

Return of A Native

MARGARET DICK

The silver liner descended upon the city of Charlotte, and the twenty-two passengers readied themselves for the return to mother earth. After a seven-year sojourn with the Sisters of the Holy Names, I was returning to the place of my birth and early years. It had been many years that I had dressed in black, lived in prayer and silence, and lost my identity among hundreds of other women—all seeking the same goal. Clad now in a blue linen suit and stimulated by a renewed spirit of independence, I stepped from the airplane with a sprightly gait and more spirited smile to greet my family. We completed the ceremonies of reunion and walked to the airport. Nervous, prepared for the unusual, and thoroughly perplexed, my father, mother, grandmother, and sisters bore a bombardment of questioning that left me breathless after the first few minutes. As quickly as possible, I recounted the events of the past day: the final farewell to the Academy of the Holy Names in Tampa, the taxi drive to the airport, the three hours of reminiscing above the clouds, and my understanding of the meaning of it all. They seemed satisfied and directed the conversation into old channels—a little relieved and less perplexed.

Charlotte was an especially lovely place that late June afternoon. Nature was lavish with her welcome had painted the sky a happy blue; and the atmosphere languid and calm, settled upon a good mood. It was good to be home again. Driving down King's Drive recalled frequent childhood jauntings along the same street when it was unpaved. I was astride my Pinto pony. The expansive trees of Sherwood Avenue, where Amelia Hunter and I had made our youthful jungle world, seemed to echo children's voices and games of the past. My home on Norton Road (although it had had its face lifted by a fresh coat of white paint) was still the same. The trees and foliage were fuller, the grass more abundant and greener, and the backyard more beautiful with the addition of garden furniture. But I was home, unchanged at heart, and I was happy to be back again.

PESSIMISTIC THOUGHTS

or Teachers I Remember

SALLY EDGERTON

All of us love to take a pessimistic view of things at one time or another. Some people keep one, but I think we're based on the fact that we're all entitled to our pet peeves, and there are certain situations for which we can excuse ourselves.

To hear teachers talk about students is one thing, but to hear students conversing (or fussing, as the case may be) is quite another. Do you mind if I permit myself to ramble a bit, perhaps even to remember several incidents that cause me to type these teachers as I shall do presently.

I always did appreciate one teacher early in the morning. She was so cheery! The minute she walked into the room the murmur of "Brother, we've had it today" could faintly be detected amongst the loving class. That *delightful* murmur was unbearable! If you had managed to crawl out of bed with any enthusiasm that morning, it didn't take her long to discover the fact and—to get rid of it. Even that could have been forgivable had she relaxed after a while, for forty-nine minutes or so; but no, this went on for fifty-one and one-half minutes—a question that you were sure you could answer five minutes before, you panicked and oh! the consequences! And what was her understanding reply? "I can tell you spent hours on your preparation for my class." I thanked her and pretended she meant it. That made me feel good, too. Ah, those choice moments were divine! Amidst the lines of Shakespeare's tragedy you moaned the horror of the tragedy of that class!

Yes, that one was a tragedy, but the comedy that followed the next hour was even better. I never was the outdoor type

who loves the blustering winds upon his brow, but I soon learned I must be. Now she was a dilly! Open windows were a necessity! Mother and Daddy just couldn't understand the frequency of my colds. I think she must have liked her coffee at breakfast with one shot of Hadecol stirred with robust care.

It was reflected in her teaching, too. We traveled at an unbelievable rate of speed! Why, we could cover chapters in one single hour! Though she was pushing fifty, I'm sure she had long ago thought of the jet theory and applied it to her method. She kept me in a spin all right!

One of the most frustrating occurrences that followed was the next hour's class. Having been thrown into this high gear, I would dash over across campus and take my seat for the next show. As usual the show was late. In fact, it walked in just long enough to mumble and apologize, the explanation always being the same: "My wife couldn't cook my breakfast this morning. Sorry." Ah, how familiar these words became. However, when I caught on to this tardy routine of his, I decided to take my time getting there. You can imagine the reaction that followed. "Miss Edgerton, it is nice that you can be with us today . . . Three tardies make an absence, you know!" And I, in turn, began to hate his wife for only fixing his breakfast *some* mornings.

After a very brief lunch in the lunchroom I prepared myself for the hours to come. Let's see: there remained two more for me to attend. One of the teachers usually walked to class along beside me. How could it be helped? Being in the club to which she was adviser, I always had to listen while she rattled on and on about the future plans or past

In Charlotte

THE FINEST NAMES IN FASHION

are found in one store

Ivey's
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

mistakes. Motor mouth—that's what she was! Entering her class, I saw the hour pass in this manner: Five minutes' commentation on the lunch, the terrible state of world affairs, the laziness of this generation, and her new nephew. Fifteen minutes was about the latest bud on the spring trees and how she loved spring weather. Looking at my watch, I was aware that forty minutes remained, and I knew the routine by memory—Twenty minutes would be of her first lover, why she didn't see him any more than once a week (as was the custom of her generation) and finally twenty minutes of our study of triangles, parallelograms, and hypotenuses. Was she a square?

The final feature ended with a monotone review of the last eight hundred decades of history with a little current events thrown in. Oh! we really moved in that class! I remember once when a visitor saw the place marked in our books and remarked that surely we must be starting from the back of the book. But that fifth period always was a slow one, anyway. From my seat by the window I learned mostly which boys went over to the park to smoke. I couldn't write that on the exam. That monotone goes on and on and—there goes the bell! Show's over.

So I went home expecting peace at long last. I was greeted at the door with, "I know you must be tired from working so hard, Sally." Work—that was work? But I answered, "I certainly am, Mother. We worked mighty hard." I always did have a hard time making myself not say what a good show I'd seen. You know, it's funny the things you think about.



PARKER-GARDNER COMPANY

118 W. Trade Street

Phone ED 2-8257

Headquarters for Music



Charlotte, N. C.

Compliments of

SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY SHOP

757 Providence Road

Coats, Suits, Dresses,
Sportswear, and Furs
Appropriate for the
College Girl



THE LABEL OF DISTINCTION

2nd Floor of Fashion

THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

BETTY CROSS

Rot Davis retied the bright plaid muffler around his neck and pinned the sprig of holly more securely to his overcoat. He hadn't changed much from the easy-going days of his teens. His mother, wanting her son to achieve some sort of dignity and success in later life, had named him Richard Montgomery Davis. But as the years had gone by, the gang had dubbed him "Carrot," which in turn had been shortened to Rot. "Besides," he told his disappointed mother, "dignity is just impossible for a guy with curly red hair, innumerable freckles, and fan-like ears."

During high school his teachers and his mother had recognized his above-average ability as a student and his congenial and winning personality. He was one of those few boys who used his intelligence and was liked well enough by the teachers and yet could remain one of the gang. Since his father had died before Rot had entered grammar school, the family had had little money to pay for a college education. Still everyone had worried more about this than Rot did. Whenever anyone mentioned the tragedy of his not being able to begin college at once, he would only laugh and say, "Well, gosh, every boy has to pull a two-year hitch with Uncle Sam. I'll just get mine over and let my 'Uncle' take me through."

His friends would smile and say, "That day will go places someday," or, "He'll surely make something of himself one way or another."

But when the induction examination was given, the army doctors discovered calcium deposits at Rot's knees; and thus he was classified as 4-F. He never talked about this much except when one of his girls asked him why he wasn't in the service. He'd just laugh and whisper, "Didn't you know I have strong connections in the White House?" If they were too persistent, he'd answer with a wink, "You know," then add with a shrug, "I played football," and mumble something which sounded like, "Trick knee." This was only a slight exaggeration he told himself, and it sounded much better than those "freaky" calcium deposits, as he termed them. Why he had drunk milk all of his life.

He had worked in a sports shop and as a park recreation director and had sent himself through two years at the state university. It was at the end of his second year that he had found a new scheme for his fund-raising. He had gotten a job as a salesman for the Lotterpep Vitamin Company. The vitamins were reliable even if his salesman technique was perhaps a little on the questionable side. What if he could spend weeks telling his friends how tired and rundown they looked and later recommend these vitamins! It was for a good cause, he reasoned. Besides, his technique reaped excellent results. Thus he had spent his summer months jogging along paved city streets and dusty country roads and stopping and later revisiting the run-down, the tired, the tense, the energyless whose ailments had carried Rot through the first term of his junior year.

This was only the fourth day of his Christmas holidays, and Rot had raised enough money to pay for the whole winter term through renewals of old orders and sales to the

newly sick. The sidewalks of his hometown were jammed with holiday shoppers laden with brightly wrapped packages. The string of cars before him inched their way down the snowy streets. Rot's jalopy looked incongruous in the line of newer models. Even the old '37 Chevy two cars ahead looked new when compared with his fenderless and open-air mode of transportation about which the insurance salesman had laughed when the youthful college boy had applied for insurance.

Mindless of the biting wind, Rot took advantage of the pokey traffic to call out and wave to his acquaintances and to enjoy the window displays, bright with tinsel and the colored lights, festooning the street. He sang snatches of a fraternity song interspersed with choruses of "Jingle Bells." The insistent honking of the horn in the car behind him interrupted Rot's songs and holiday thoughts of stuffed turkey and spice cake. Turning in his seat, he recognized the driver of the car as Mel, a fraternity friend. The girl beside Mel frantically cranked the window down and screamed to Rot, "You skunk! Why didn't you wait for us? Mel wanted to take us to ride in his new car. Isn't it fabulous?"

"Don't let her fool you—asking you to come along was strictly Ji-Ji's idea. You've got it made with the girls, old boy," laughed the boy driving the new sports car.

Rot yelled back, "It's not me—they love my car. Yours just doesn't have that distinctive personality. By the way, how are you feeling? You don't look as if you have much life in you."

"He doesn't," Ji-Ji answered. "Oh yes, don't forget the party tomorrow night."

Snow flakes floated down and settled on Rot's red hair and on his shoulders. He smiled to himself in the anticipation of the security of funds for the whole term. He knew he could pick up a few more sales at random, which with his commission would mean some extra spending money. "I could use a new pair of trousers," he mumbled to himself, "and a new tie, one of those pink ones." With the visions of his successful salesmanship Rot thought, "It's a good thing so many folks are having colds." Then he was seized with the idea of going home and telling his mother some wild yarn either of how he had lost all of his money or perhaps how he had had no luck at all in selling.

Finally reaching one of the more elite residential sections of town, Rot speeded up. But slowed down momentarily as he passed a lot which he had picked as the one he was going to buy "someday when he was ready to settle down." He wondered if he should take the night off to celebrate his success. A movie date was about as much of a celebration as he could afford. Of course, there was Cindy's party tomorrow night. There'd be lots of food, mistletoe, and Christmas carols; and just everybody was going. Still, it seemed more of a celebration to go somewhere alone with a girl, even if that somewhere were a balcony seat at a movie. In his mind he went over the list of his girl acquaintances, giving both the positive and negative arguments for each one. He finally narrowed his prospects down to two or three.



Ji-Ji was really the best-looking girl on campus, but she wasn't so understanding about movie dates on Friday night; and Carol was a passable redhead who was sport enough to enjoy movie entertainment even on big nights. Still, a celebration was no kind of celebration with a second-rate date. It never entered his mind whether or not the girl of his final choice would accept or had other plans.

Rattling with each turn of the wheel, the car sped along. Rot passed several cars traveling at more sedate rates as they were encumbered by chains to guard against skidding in the ice and snow. He started his song over—this time trying a slightly higher key. About the middle of the block a long black car suddenly pulled out of a driveway which was hidden by tall evergreen on either side. Rot slammed his foot upon the brakes, but on the ice street his action was too late to avoid the collision. The impact of the blow knocked several cases of the Lotterpep Vitamins on the floor of the car. Rot smothered an oath and thought, "My car, my only car; and he probably has two or three." He surveyed the damage to his merchandise in a hurried glance. Only a few bottles were broken, but the pills were showered over the back seat and floor of his car. He looked at the brownish-red globules and told himself, "I'll just sweep them up and put them in a quart jar for Mom. She hasn't been so peppy lately. They might help. Anyway, no need to waste them."

Rot leaped over the side of the car without bothering to open the door. His car hardly showed any evidence of the mishap. In fact, Rot momentarily decided that the bumper looked better in its new shape. "Not much damage here," he shouted.

Then he saw a young girl slide from under the steering wheel of the other car and step into the street. Rot managed to smile and asked, "Gosh, are you hurt? You should be more

careful." He straightened to his full height and deepened his voice before he continued, "Experiences such as this can injure your health permanently by putting a strain on your nerves." He smiled sympathetically. "Besides," he added, "the accident itself can be fatal."

Another, an older and quite distinguished man, followed the fur-clad girl. His shrewd eyes surveyed the old jalopy and then the damage which had devastated his own car. He said, "My name is Arthur Gordan, attorney. Could you come to my office tomorrow about eleven? Perhaps we can work out an agreement for your payment for the damages out of court. As you can see, you are quite at fault—no chains, exceeding the speed limit. Besides," he added in a decisive tone, "it will be a saving of time and money." Hesitating momentarily, the lawyer continued, "I won't even presume far enough to ask if you are covered by insurance. No company would be that foolish."

Rot only nodded. Why was it his fault? He said, "I'm sure we can work out an agreement, but don't forget that you were pulled out of a blind drive." Pushing aside the thoughts of costs of court, the lawyer's experience and position, and his own financial inadequacy, Rot looked carefully at the lawyer. He paused a moment and then grasped the older man's arm. "However," he continued, "we won't discuss this now, for I can tell that you aren't a well man. I know your experience has drained all of your energy." He looked sympathetically at the attorney and then added, "You need some rest. You probably haven't been well lately anyway." Rot turned to the girl and said, "See to it that he isn't further excited." With that the boy assisted into the car the angry and energetic lawyer but now a tired and shabby middle-aged man.

You always meet your friends
when you shop at

E F I R D S

DEPARTMENT STORE

Charlotte, N. C.

The accident did make the newspapers because of the prominence of Arthur Gordan and his daughter, Susan. The case never reached the courts. Of course, everyone knew that Rot couldn't pay the damages, much less the costs of court, and they wondered.

The real answer can never be known. Arthur Gordan is doing much better now and can continue his legal practice for all. Somehow he received a five-year supply of Lotter-vitamins, which have worked wonders in increased energy and calmed nerves. In fact, the lawyer has recommended this same compound to many of his personal friends, among whom is the judge of the city courts. Rot must have forgotten his problem of which girl to help him celebrate the anniversary of funds for the new term; but he was seen coming out of the double feature of a cut-rate movie with Susan Gordan. He must have celebrated his success somehow!

- Character-building books
- Study and reference books
- Bibles
- Pictures
- Church and Sunday School Supplies
- Sacred Records
- Stationery and greeting cards for all occasions
- Children's books and games
- Gifts for all occasions
- Complete line of Bridal gifts

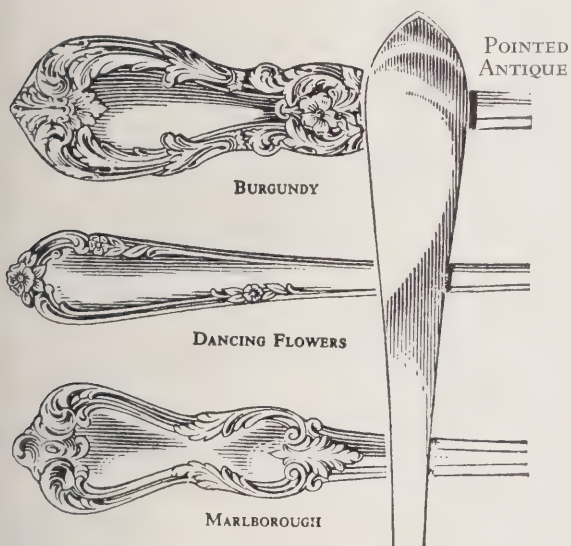
BIBLE BOOKS STORE

"Serving ALL Churches"

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Plexico

124 W. 4th St.
P. O. Box 2725

Phone ED 2-2644
Charlotte, N. C.



No matter what the season, your world-renowned Reed & Barton sterling silver is the focal point of your entertaining, your everyday dining.

Burgundy	\$36.50	Marlborough	\$31.75
Dancing Flowers	\$29.75	Pointed Antique	\$32.50

CLUB AND CHARGE ACCOUNTS

Garibaldi & Bruns

Established 1896

104 S. Tryon Street

When Autumn Comes

WORTH SPEARMAN

When autumn comes and leaves are gold
And day by day slides by as if
Somehow the gears of time had slipped
And all the little piece of it
We have gets out of hand and gone,
I wonder that the God who made
This little globlet, dust and clay,
Can still by patient with fears,
Distrust, confusion, wars, and hates
Of men. What puny, finite specks
Men are and how they contemplate
And tax their little wills and minds
That are but gifts at first. Machines
They would create to probe in space,
Compile their little store of facts
And figures, calculations, laws,
And such, and to what end at last?
To try to understand it all:
The how's, the when's, the where's, the why's—
And all the time their feeble minds
Are far too small to grasp the truth.
To men of science lies the task
To pump the ocean dry with spoons—
To count and classify the sands—
To fill their ranks again with youth
When quiet death requires its tax—
And on they war with little wars
That serve to make their makers fools—
They weave their little world of fact,
These puny men, and fail to see
That just outside their sacred halls
Of truth there stands a golden tree,
Its fluttering leaves, its sapless twigs
Hold more of secret life and truth
Than all that bustling store of facts.
Resolve the miracle of Life,
Its simplest form, portentous man.
Engage again the gears of time.
But in the solitary peace
Of autumn afternoons, of gold,
And light and leaves, discover in—
Your truth, the passing of an hour.

QUALITY...

FOR LESS..

Helen's

CAREER Girl INC

230 N. TRYON ST.

FR 5-8059

"Exclusive—but not expensive"

Charlotte Through The Looking Glass

A Northern View of the City

PHIL CANFIELD

*first prize winner of prose contest

A Yankee, unceremoniously dropped into Charlotte—the Queen City of the Carolinas—is alternately amazed, confused, frustrated and amused. Of course, the buildings are built the same way as in the North; the people dress much the same; cars become snarled in traffic jams as they do in Chicago; but there are nuances and hints that foretell fundamental differences.

Imagine a Yankee on tour in Charlotte! If he arrives in the spring, he is likely to be surprised by smells—magnolias have a sweet and heavy scent, and the trees are numerous in the residential sections. Then he would probably be impressed with the grace of many of Charlotte's winding boulevards and the beautiful homes that rest easily on their large, neat lawns. This is much different from the practicality of Northern streets and their economically-spaced houses. He would be surprised, and probably amused, at a plaque imbedded in a downtown sidewalk: "Jefferson Davis was standing here when informed of Abraham Lincoln's death." The visitor has seen nothing like this in his home town. And if he happens to become lost at the intersection of Queens Road and Queens Road West! Most cities NAME streets running parallel to each other and NUMBER those which abut them; it helps the stranger too if the streets are straight.

By now our transplanted Yankee has become acquainted with some residents of the city. He is startled when a Charlottean greets him with a staccato "Hey!" He thinks his friend is warning him of an approaching freight train falling rock or other imminent danger. Non-Southern greetings are mostly confined to a "H'lo," "Hya" or "Wudjas."

He will probably think that the new friends are more conservative, more traditional, more home-centered, more stratified and less volatile, less diversified and less upset by the conflict of abstract ideas than his home-folk were. He assumes that this is the natural result of the passage of time. Satisfactory answers have been arrived at in Charlotte, and little time is wasted on debate. Energy is consumed by putting proper decorum into effect rather than in imagining innovations.

A little investigation into the political field: Charlotte is a bright spot in the picture of ballot-casting in the South (and other portions of the 10th Congressional district). It has elected a man to the U. S. House of Representatives on qualifications other than party affiliation. A healthy skepticism thinks the visitor from the North, and one which will appear much more frequently in states farther north. In the cities there tend to be much smaller—the political races are closer and neither side dominates the scene. Illinois did



Reynolds

114A W. 5th St.

*The Shoppe of
Distinctive Fashions*

Compliments of

Park Place Pharmacy

613 Providence Road



Douglas

ENTERPRISES

CLEANER

DRESSES

LAUNDRIAN

Music
INCORPORATED

Corner of Elizabeth Ave. & Independence Blvd.

port the candidacy of Adlai Stevenson in the 1952 Presidential election, and he was a native born ex-governor. More people vote in the North because their ballots can decide everything; about 30 per cent more of the eligible voters cast ballots in Illinois than did in North Carolina.

Perhaps in a dream the Northerner will view his trip in perspective. Here is a city bustling with growth but steeped in history; an assemblage of stately homes and shameful slums; a place where culture and crudity pass unseeing on the streets; a spinner of fabrics, a tobacco dealer, a money lender, a place where the minuet may replace the mambo.

Back on his own side of the looking glass, the Yankee comes back into the old surroundings and greets his family after the long separation.

"Hey!" he says smilingly, "grits for breakfast?"

Lullaby of Night

CAROLYN MOFFAT

When I'm in bed all safe and warm,
I watch the evening stars perform.
The moon directs them with a cloud
In tunes of night both soft and loud.
Such music does sweet dreams invite.
This is my lullaby of night.

●
Compliments of

BAPTIST BOOK STORE

PHONE FR 5-1461

304 N. Tryon
●

In The Dark

CAROLYN MOFFAT

I'm not afraid just 'cause it's dark.
My mommy's right outside the door.
I only heard old Betsy bark,
Or maybe it was daddy's snore.
And those aren't goblins on my bed
'Cause goblins just aren't even so.
It's only moonbeams on my spread.
They really shed a pretty glow.
That shadow is my rocking horse,
And that's my robe upon the chair.
Why, I'm not even scared, of course,
I *did* forget to say my prayer!
MOMMY!!!

BONELL'S

BONBONNIERE

Featuring the finest in imported and
Domestic Chocolates

131 W. 4th Street Phone FR 6-8195

Jumbo Cashews And All Mixed Nuts

Packed in
Acetate Container

Quality Photographs
for "Queens"

ST. JOHN STUDIO

BELK'S

4TH FLOOR

Phone EDison 2-3121



112 West Fifth Street

Telephone FR 6-8561

THE VISION IN THE HAUNTED HALL

MARY McLANEY

A heavy oaken door was shut,
A thousand years were fled,
I stood within a stately room
Surrounded by the dead.
The hall was dim-lit, and the roof
A hundred ells in height,
Was chambered deep and disappeared
In darkness dim as night.
The span, the measure of the hall
Was full a furlong's length.
The walls were thick, of cold, cold stone,
Not matched as yet for strength.
A company of great were met,
Assembled in the gloom,
To try, condemn, give judgment dread,
Pronounce their sovereign's doom.

Their faces masked, their eyes like flint—
All dressed in black were they,
At one with shadows in the hall
Which in the corners lay.
And there before this gathered throng
Upon the dias high
I heard the verdict clearly spoke,
Their sovereign was to die!
Then silence deeper than the tomb
Fell over like a pall,

The group of judges gathered there
Within the stately hall.
The silence fell; the eyes all turned,
The sovereign there to see;
My heart then froze to iciness—
The king was none but me!

And then I thought the scene was changed,
The hall, no longer dark,
As if a fire were lighted there
Set from a steel-struck spark.
Then suddenly a trumpet blast
Pierced through my pressing fear;
A crowd was gathered out the hall;
They broke into a cheer.
I heard the cheer, the trumpet's blast,
And through an entrance wide
The nobles in procession long
Passed stately inside.
The room was cold, but on the walls
Rich tapestries were hung,
And from the beams in colors bright
Gay banners freely swung.
Thus in the hall for banquet laid
The nobles did concur,
Richly dressed in silken robes
Trimmed each with bands of fur.

*The Smartest Thing You Wear Is
Your Hair*



**MYERS PARK
Beauty Salon**

*Completely Air-Cooled
Henri Bendel Preparations Are
Ours Exclusively*

Phone ED 2-5031 Huntley Pl. at Providence Road

TOWN & COUNTRY, INC.

Campus Fashions

Selwyn Hotel Building

ED 4-5622

**THE
BARRINGER HOTELS**



Charlotte, N. C.

Columbia, S. C.

Augusta, Ga.

The nobles there then took their seats
Till every chair was filled;
The trumpets blew a sounding blast,
And every heart was thrilled.

For from the entrance, stepping slow,
Majestically, in state,
Appeared the king, of regal line,
Who had been crowned of late.
Each noble bowed, each knee was bent
In tribute to him there,
As grandly, proudly, paced the king
And took the royal chair.
The roof resounded with the cheers,
"God save the king," they cried.
"God save the king," the crowd without
Answered the crowd inside.
The king arose and faced the crowd,
Acknowledging their cry.
The dim light fell upon his face;
I gasped—the king was I!

The heavy oaken doors flew wide;
I stood amazed, aghast;
The years fled back and banished there
The vision of the past.
My group moved on and left the hall;
My heart in sorrow bled;
The guide returned to summon me;
"Please follow me," he said.



Enjoy the finest
Dairy Products
by calling



Southern Dairies, Inc.

500 Dalton Ave.

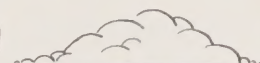
Phone FRanklin 7-3421

A Dream, A Birth, An Answer

MARJORIE BLANKENSHIP

I hold in my being my own private dream
Though nebulous, foolish, unreal it may seem.
Yet, those who are dreamers are better by far
For glimpsing the light of a faraway star.
All children and poets and dreamers who keep
A love for the simple, both constant and deep,
Are souls that leave God for the blessings of birth
To fit in God's pattern of order on earth.
The green lap of nature will take for her own
All foliage and flowers, soon withered and blown,
And snowdrifts will silence with cool healing balm
The embers of autumn—now buried and calm.
That nation is mighty when under it gleams
The groundwork of freedom and pillars of dreams.
A mother, fulfilling the fruit of her time,
Will look at her infant and touch the sublime.
And children, with fancies as lively and bright,
Will dance with the fairies on midsummer's night.
Two faces may meet in an innocent glance
In dreary surroundings—and there find romance.
What lies in a dream? Will its immortal breath
Be stifled by progress and silenced in death?
What beauty and feeling would languish and die
If beauty were spurned by the practical eye?
Is beauty the soul rising over man's strife—
A dream-woven blessing close-binding all life?
The dream is God's answer; new hope from it streams
For dreamers are prophets and visions are dreams.

Refreshment to You

Through 
the Years



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY OF CHARLOTTE

'Twas Me

WORTH SPEARMAN

Under a pile of daily cares, and down
Deep in the mud of commonplace, I found
Something I never thought to see—'twas me.

How in the name of common sense could I,
Rooting around to spy what I could spy,
Turn up a heap of such disgrace—that face!

Look at it there. The perfect frame of woe.
It has been nowhere; it doesn't want to go.
Trite little soul so full of tart, depart.

Depechez-vous! Get out! Go soak your head!
What? Not still here? Then please drop dead!
I won't be bothered by your tripe! Ignite!

Yes, woeful soul, I realize who you are—
Me. And why not? The devil's best by far.
Worse than the worst—So, by that test, the best.

Surely you don't think of aid from me?
Down in that mud and mental poverty?
You are indeed a tiresome fright—All right!

Out you come. Now you're tidy, neat, and clean.
What's that you say? You don't? But do you mean...
Look, would you—There it goes again—back in.

The Fairy Ring

MARY WILSON McLANEY

When mushrooms grow in a fairy ring,
And the moon comes up at night,
Then fairies dance around the ring,
And sing in the pale moonlight.

Their wings of finest mist are made,
And the moonlight glimmers through;
Their robes are flowers on parade;
Their shining eyes, the dew.

The dance they dance around the ring
Is the breeze as the grasses bend;
The sound of their voices when they sing
Is the rustling leaves in the wind.

But fairies are real, as real as night,
And mushrooms, moon, and dew,
For children gay and lovers light
Can see them when the moon peeps through.

Goforth's Inc.

Gifts — Cards — Stationery

Telephone FR 5-0027

Selwyn Hotel Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.

Your ART MATERIAL HEADQUARTERS

Garrett's

Paint and
Wallpaper
Co.

312 So. Tryon St.

CHARLOTTE

Phone: FRanklin 5-8401

Ladies' Apparel



MILDRED'S SHOP

753 Providence Road



DECEMBER 1954
QUEENS COLLEGE